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NELLY NOELL, THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE.

A ROMANCE

Of England, France and Italy.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARQUIS DE BRANDT.



French nobleman, the Marquis of Brandt, and his family. They were reputed to be immensely rich, and the lavish expenditure they indulged in gave evidence that their wealth must be princely.

The family of de Brandt consisted of his wife and three children (a son and two daughters), and his household—servants, grooms, pages and attendants—numbering some three scores of persons. His stud of horses embraced several of the finest in Europe, his domain was one of the most extensive in the whole south of France, and he lived as if for the purpose of enjoying life in its best active and to its fullest extent. His income was enormous, and he dealt it out with a liberal hand, in all the ramifications of his intercourse with those who surrounded or dealt with him or his.

The marquis was a hale and powerful built man of fifty, with a somewhat rugged and harsh exterior, but possessing rare good qualities of mind and heart. His general appearance was the more rough from his habit of permitting his heavy dark beard to grow unshorn, and his continual exposure of himself to out-door exercise in the field or upon the water. He was a perfect Nimrod in the hunt, and a Neptune on the waves. No weather was too boisterous for him, no season too inclement; his constitution seemed of iron, his will was impetuous, and his enjoyment consisted almost entirely in being abroad in the open air, from January to December.

His wife, somewhat his junior in years, was the personification of dignity, grace and good-breeding. Benevolent to a fault, she lived apparently to do good to her neighbors; and a long list of pensioners upon her generous bounty had cause to bless her charity and kindness. The son was a sickly youth, now eight or nine years old, whose chance for a prolonged existence was very dubious, and who was almost constantly housed-in the care of a nurse—lest any adverse wind should unfortunately blow upon him and hasten his long anticipated death. The daughters—Helen and Hortense—were blooming beauties, just budding into womanhood, the former about eighteen and the other sixteen years of age. A happy and lovely family was that of the Marquis de Brandt, surrounded by all the profusion of comforts which the parent's wealth commanded, and scattering the income of their almost royal fortune everywhere around them, with an unsparing and commendable discretion.

At the opening of the fashionable season in Paris, the marquis proposed to visit the capital, with his lady and two daughters. A large detachment of servants were selected from the household, and a suitable establishment was left behind in charge of their country estate, in the meantime. Superb carriages, elegant horses and caparisons, liveried lackeys, grooms, pages, secretaries and footmen made up the retinue of the marquis, whose entry into the great city was the occasion of a marked sensation among the world of fashion and quality assembled there for enjoyment and mutual display.

The style of living set up at Paris by de Brandt rivalled that of royalty. There seemed to be no lack of *l'argent à Paris* in his outlays. His society and that of his agreeable family was courted by the wealthy and honorable from all

nations sojourning there, and a continual round of gaiety, balls, fêtes, and routs, kept them continually on the *qui vive*, from week's end to week's end.

In the midst of the season, as Wilford was busily engaged one day in his studio upon a new half-completed "Madonna," which he had designed, anew for the strange lady who had left it to his own taste to select his subject, his door opened without warning and an old familiar voice accosted him with:

"Will, milby! How are you this morning?" "Manfred!" exclaimed the artist, springing up and warmly grasping the extended palm of his early friend, "Manfred, I am delighted to see you."

"I am rejoiced to find you, Wilford. And the more so, that I hear the most glowing accounts of your success. How are you getting on?"

"Never so well, my good friend, thanks to your favor and the encouragement you have extended to my poor efforts."

"And what is this?" asked Manfred, examining the exquisite design upon which the painter was engaged.

"One of my own, Manfred, intended for an unknown patron, who has flattered me by ordering whatever I chose to execute for her, without limit as to price. I intend to give her a 'Madonna' after my own conception of the virgin. How do you like the design?"

"Admirable, milby! Superbe, as we Frenchmen should say," replied Manfred, enthusiastically. "I had no idea you had so wonderfully improved, though I have seen and heard of your remarkable progress of late."

"Thank you, thank you," responded the artist. "But, do you know, when one gets fairly upon the high road to success, how easy it becomes the province of flatterers to urge one forward? In your case, Manfred, I do not mean this to apply, because I know your goodness and your frankness of heart. But the world—Manfred—the great small world of admirers of our art are impulsive, and they move on thoughtlessly, as their associates or their superiors may chance to dictate. I am doing well, professionally, and I find no fault with my good fortune."

"I am glad to know it," continued Manfred, still gazing at the "Madonna" upon the easel. "But, Wilford—the likeness, here—who sat for it?"

Wilford smiled, and said "do you really think so?"

"Surely, milby, neither you nor I can mistake that face."

"Then I must alter the features, somewhat." "Never a jot, man! for your reputation!" warmly exclaimed his friend. "A purer, softer gentler countenance—and one more appropriate, you could never elect. It is past improvement, it is all that you could wish. Complete it as it is, by all means. The very soul of Nelly Noell looks upward from the canvass here—absorbed, confiding, purified, resigned—incomparable!"

"My thoughts were turned to Nelly," said Wilford, quietly, "when I designed this picture; but I did not think the likeness so remarkable. Here, Manfred," added the painter, pointing to his inner room, and raising the curtain that covered his favorite work. "Tell me what you think of this!" Manfred started back with surprise and ejaculated:

"Perfection, Wilford! It is Nelly's second self! I see it, now—the difference is sufficiently marked. But this is Nelly, surely. Ah, milby, she was a sweet girl, to be sure. Did you ever think so, particularly, when she was alive?" asked Manfred.

"Did I not have cause to know this, Manfred?" "True, you had indeed. But you never spoke of it, especially."

"Was I not thoroughly grateful to the Noells?"

"Yes, yes. But then—you didn't, perhaps, fully appreciate that—that is, I mean to say, I never knew that you—"

boys' play to a realization of the simple fact that I was but a poor penniless artist, waiting on my good friends for bread, and that I had seized upon a poorer but confiding girl, hitherto contented and happy, whose ruin must follow upon my recklessness and poverty. Is not that what you mean to convey?"

"Well, milby, I now give you credit for more good sense than I thought you really possessed!" said Manfred, pleasantly. "You are correct. I did think you would carry your gratitude farther than you did. Her fate was a worse one, at last, though! But you have most truthfully preserved poor Nelly's features. You have not sold this picture?"

"No, no." "Then it is mine—ah! milby, it is mine. Mine, at any figure you may choose to put upon it—but remember, mine."

"I have already refused a thousand crowns for this picture, Manfred. The very lady for whom I am executing the 'Madonna,' yonder, insisted on my parting with it. I offered her a copy, but she would have only originals, she said, and I declined her generous proposal."

"A thousand crowns! Upon my word, you are getting famous."

"I will not sell it, Manfred; but, when I part with it, at all, I will send it to you, at Burton House."

"Enough, it is really beautiful." "And how long have you been in town?"

"I came in the last diligence from Rouen, an hour ago."

"Are you alone? Come to my hotel."

"No, we make a party of seven, from London and Dover, brought to Paris by cards from the Marquis de Brandt, who gives her *grande fête* to-morrow and next day. Have you heard of it?"

"Yes, I received a card, a few days since, through the attention of my sister, the Countess de Charnaud, who has given herself much trouble to introduce me. This entertainment, in prospective, has been town talk for a month."

"And you will go, then?"

"I did not intend to, but since you will be there, I shall certainly avail myself of the politeness of the marchioness. Who are your party?"

"Two couples from London, Miss Simpson, my father and myself."

"Miss Simpson?"

"Yes; you have seen her, at Burton House, I think?"

"I remember," said Wilford, carelessly. "She is very pretty."

"Yes, a striking madcap, though."

"A fortune-hunter," said Wilford, sarcastically.

"A clever girl, in her way, nevertheless," insisted Manfred.

"Not successful," added Wilford, again. "Not yet," concluded Manfred. "You are sharp, to-day?"

The subject was dropped, and the friends shortly after left the studio, in company for a stroll.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FÊTE OF THE MARCHIONESS DE BRANDT.

ALL Paris was alive with enthusiasm as the pet of the aristocracy approached, and the magnificence of the preparations caused the names of the illustrious marchioness and marchioness of Brandt to be on everybody's lips.

At midnight, a long line of brilliant equipages had set down at the Hotel Monicelle their lordly burdens, and the spacious salons of that spacious mansion were crowded with the city's elite. The honors of the occasion were managed with exquisite good taste by the accomplished marchioness, and her daughters were pronounced unsurpassable in beauty and deportment. The family were comparative strangers in Paris, but their uncounted wealth had placed them at once at the head of fashionable society there.

The extensive gardens of the hotel were brilliantly illuminated, soft music floated from the terraces and the lawns, sparkling waters from a hundred fountains glittered in the colored lights, the air was cool and inviting, and scores of little groups were scattered along the paths and beneath the shadows of permanent or artificial bowers of roses and evergreens—all filled with delight at the charming enjoyments prepared for them.

In the vast halls of the mansion, hundreds of both sexes were sauntering down the polished floors, examining the pictures and statuary, or moving in the mazy waltz or gallop to soul-enchanting melodies. The eye rested on a blaze of beauty, adorned with costly attire and glistening jewels. The ear drank in sweet sounds of bewitching music. The heart was thrilled with high with intoxicating pleasure, and the gratified throng were enthusiastic in the expression of their appreciation of the entertainment they were enjoying so deliciously.

Almost alone, and for a time quite unnoticed, could be seen the figure of a youth some three-and-twenty years old, perhaps, as he sauntered about the saloons, now nodding respectfully to a lady of rank, and now taken momentarily by the hand by some sprig of nobility. It was young Wilford, the artist. He felt out of his sphere, here, and he sought the friends he had expected to meet, from England. He shortly encountered Manfred, who approached him cordially, with Miss Charlotte Simpson resting languidly upon his arm.

"Well, Wilford, I have been looking for you. Miss Simpson," he continued, pointing to his charge, and presenting the lady, formally.

"You remember her, I think?"

Wilford bowed, and said he thought he had seen her at Burton House, some months previously—but he met with so many faces and his position called him so much into society that, really, he should scarcely have recognized her!

This reply and the manner of Wilford in delivering it, though perfectly courteous to the ear of Manfred (who knew nothing of his friend's rejection by the beautiful coquette), was not lost upon Miss Simpson.

She felt the reproach keenly, but she could not resent it.

"Have you been presented to our charming host, Wilford?"

"Not yet. I have been unable to meet with my friend the duchess, thus far," he said, disposed to allow Miss Simpson to understand who were just now among his friends!

"Join us, then," added Manfred, "and allow me to introduce you. As to her daughters, I have seen but one of them yet, but she is a magnificent creature, I assure you."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Manfred; but very dark and her eyes were clearly blue, a curious combination, and not common. She conversed freely and gaily, but only in French—a circumstance of some disadvantage to Wilford, who could as yet manage the language but indifferently."

"Who did you call the lady, Wilford?" asked the count.

"Miss Simpson, or Simpleton—or some such name. An acquaintance of the Manfreds, of Dover," said Wilford, indifferently.

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of the host and hostess, near whom the count halted a moment, and then introduced his young friend Wilford, the English artist.

The marquis was a rather military looking man, then otherwise—tall, robust in form and stiff in his movements. Sporting an immense shock of long black hair and heavy untimmed beard, he stalked about amid the crowd, a conspicuous object of notice, especially as his estimable and lady-like consort, who hung upon his arm, was of a delicate figure, comparatively, and most unlike her liege lord in any particular whatever, save his politeness and urbanity of address.

"Wilford," said the marquis, whose voice was harsh and peculiar in sound, "my daughter," and a splendid woman curtsied to the artist.

"I have heard of you, monsieur, and am highly gratified to meet you here. The Countess de Charnaud and my noble friend the Duke of Heidelberg speak in glowing terms of you."

"I remember them gratefully," said Wilford.

"I have promised myself and lady the pleasure of calling at your studio at an early opportunity," continued the marquis. "Make yourself happy with us, here, and become acquainted with my daughter." He passed the young lady over to his charge, and taking the arm of Wilford, they moved down the saloon.

The artist was fashionably dressed in a simple suit of black, and as he moved about among the jewelled and gaily throng, with one of France's fairest daughters, he was the object of envy to more than one "titled insignificant" who followed in his wake. Wilford was happy, and never in better good nature with himself and all the world about him, than he now was.

"And you tell me," said the gay Miss Simpson, as she loitered along upon Manfred's arm, you say that Mr. Wilford is acquiring a fortune, rapidly?"

"Yes," said his friend, "and he is deserving it, too."

"He was but so-so as an artist, at home, surely."

"He has improved astonishingly, I assure you. The talent latent he possessed has been marvellously deepened, in the past year or two, and he has recently produced several pictures that rival the best efforts in the *Louvre*."

"Is it possible?"

"It is even so. He numbers among his present patrons, some of the choicest connoisseurs in the realm; and the nobility of France are showing fortune on him, literally."

"You surprise me," continued Miss Simpson, with considerable fervor.

"There he is, with the younger daughter of

the marquis," said Manfred. "Upon my word, Wilford is looking in fine spirits, to-night."

The speaker little knew how this attention to the rejected suitor rankled in the coquette's heart!

Wilford joined the lady's parents, a moment afterwards, and as he did so, a gentleman in glittering military uniform advanced, supporting the left of the evening, by musical exclamation, the eldest daughter of the marquis—Helen de Brandt.

Wilford saw her, and a sudden paleness shot across his handsome face, as if he had been shocked with faintness.

"Are you ill, monsieur?" inquired the marchioness, quickly, observing the painter's confusion.

"Your pardon," said Wilford, "no—no. I saw a lady, yonder—a face that so strongly resembled another I once knew, and who is gone to a brighter world than this—that I was struck with the singular and astonishing coquette. I pray you excuse me, madam—who is she in the pink tulle, yonder?"

"That is our eldest daughter, monsieur. I owe you an apology for omitting to present you. Allow me, monsieur."

A moment after, Wilford was enjoying the brilliant conversation of the most lovely being his eyes ever rested on! At least, such was his present conviction.

CHAPTER XV.

HELEN DE BRANDT.

THE fair creature who had so singularly interested Wilford, was tall in form, but of splendid figure, and the dress she wore exhibited her stature to excellent advantage. Her hair was very dark, and her eyes were clearly blue, a curious combination, and not common. She conversed freely and gaily, but only in French—a circumstance of some disadvantage to Wilford, who could as yet manage the language but indifferently.

The brilliant beauty was constantly surrounded by courtiers and flatterers, for each and all of whom she seemed to have a ready *bon mot*, preferring none, but rather dispensing her jests, her attentions, and her favors to all around her, alike.

Wilford was in raptures with her wit and her charms—and but for her height of figure, her freshened color, and his knowledge that Nelly had long since departed, he would have sworn—at first sight—that Nelly Noell stood before him!

"Do you not observe the resemblance, Manfred?" he earnestly inquired of his friend, who came up soon after his introduction. "The mouth, the eyes, the chin—her *tout ensemble*—upon my oath, it is very like our lost Nelly!"

Manfred smiled.

"Really, Wilford," he said, "your charming Nell is strongly impressed upon your imagination! You make Madonnas and *chefs-d'œuvre* of her at home, and you transform all the beautiful girls you chance to meet into fresh Nelly Noells. You have a happy fancy, to be sure!"

"But, surely, you can see the similitude, Manfred?"

"I am not a painter, and cannot create images like yourself, Wilford."

"True. But you will admit that—"

"Yes, I admit there is a likeness. But Nelly's hair was golden—madam's is chestnut. Nelly was not so tall, nor of this wax-work style of beauty. Nelly was rugged and ruddy, not so pale and artificial. At any rate, Nelly was not the daughter of the Marquis de Brandt, milby, a personage very different, in my limited experience, to a light keeper's daughter. He, ha! Wilford—this is curious in you, upon my life!"

Wilford was vanquished! He could not divest himself of the feeling that so remarkable a resemblance was scarcely possible, and yet the proof of the fact was before his eyes. He sought the hand of Helen for the waltz, and she graciously honored him. As he swept through the creamy whirl, to distant tones of music, and clasped her delicate form, while he drank the thrill of ecstasy right to his heart, while he looked into those sweet blue eyes, so like the long-lost Nelly's!

Wilford was in love! Impetuous as he had been on another occasion, when he vowed himself the adorer of Charlotte Simpson, he would now be equally rash, and was ready, at any moment for the appropriate opportunity to throw himself at the beautiful Helen's feet, and own himself her slave. So fascinating was her manner, so free and unconcerned her demeanor, so, least of all, seemed by her conduct to be in the slightest degree conscious of her rare attractions, that Wilford would have sank before her, in presence of all the world, and acknowledged himself conquered by her charms.

Wilford was determined! He looked the ground over, hastily, but like an accomplished

general. Helen was the proud daughter of a noble house, whose wealth was manifold, whose position was among the aristocracy of France. In herself, she was worthy the name of a prince, and could command a match among the first families of the kingdom. Wilford was poor in purse, but wealthy in talent. He was obscure in family lineage, but he had a self-made and enviable fame. He was without title, a plain citizen, who made no pretence to blood or fortune, yet he possessed a whole heart, a clear head, and a nobleness of purpose, such as was rarely found combined in ordinary mortals. He resolved to win the fair being who had thus suddenly entranced him, and he did not hesitate to inform young Manfred, his confidante and friend.

The Marquis de Brandt was an observing man, notwithstanding his seeming rigidity of manner. And he was not alone in marking the palpable impression which his beautiful daughter had made on the young artist. If he had been displeased with Wilford's manifold attentions, he would not have hesitated an instant in giving the impetuous young man frank notice of it. As it was, he said to himself—"He is a bold fellow, that same Wilford, and may be trusted." The painter's battle was half won, already!

"Courage, milord—courage, Wilford!" exclaimed Manfred, as he met him an hour or two later, "you are favored far above your fellows. Onward! You have a fair field, a noble start, and you must win!"

"She's an angel, Manfred."

"Made up of blue eyes, a pearly skin, fair neck and rosy lips, milord—an angel of good substantial flesh and blood! You are excusable in this affair. Really, I sympathize with you. She is a prize. Win her and wear her, if you can; she is worthy of your madness!"

The fête concluded with a superb and costly dinner. Young Wilford sat on the right of his accomplished innamorata, and Manfred found it convenient and agreeable to be seated beside the fair Hortense, her younger sister. The marquis was affable and pleasant, the marchioness was indefatigable in her efforts to please her guests, and when the party at last broke up, the fashionable world pronounced the entertainment, par excellence, the most perfectly *réussite* affair of the year in Paris.

The artist and his companion were among the very last at the leave-taking. If Wilford had not made an impression, he felt that it had been for naught in his own efforts. He was aware of the ordinary difficulties attending his perilous enterprises, but he had fairly launched his boat, and he believed he could so navigate his bark as to reach the desired haven with a moral degree of certainty.

He had never stopped to inquire whether the charming Helen were under any other possible engagement, he did not think of asking himself, or any one else, whether she were already affianced. She was single, he loved her, wildly, and he flattered himself that he could secure her to himself, against any and all odds!

They parted. Wilford returned to his labors forthwith, for his "Madonna" must be completed in a few days, the three months since it was ordered having well nigh expired.

"Who do you think the likeness here most favors, Wilford?" asked Manfred, a few days after the fête, pointing to Nelly's portrait in his friend's room.

Wilford smiled, and did not reply.

"It really looks like de Brandt's daughter. A few touches here and there would make it perfect. Make an *Helen* of it, Wilford."

"Thank you, my friend—but I prefer the original," said this artist, "if I can get it."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE.

WE must go back, once more, to the night when Harry Noel embarked on board his yacht at Beachy Point, after placing in the hold of the *Waif* his newly acquired and enormous treasure.

It will be remembered that the light-keeper did not waste any time in gathering together much property that had previously belonged to him. He got the gold and silver aboard and snugly stowed, and then summoning his daughter, who took such clothing only as was necessary for change of dress, and they put to sea with a week's provisions, bidding a final and eternal adieu to the ragged shore where they had dwelt so long, and labored so hard.

The wind blew fresh from the northwest, and as soon as all sail was set he could carry, Noel put away before it down the coast, uncertain where he should halt, or what he should do, after clearing the British jurisdiction. His first act was to remove the gilded scroll that bore the name of *Waif* under the stern of his vessel, and his next was to explain himself to his daughter.

"Nelly," he said, "we shall return to Beachy Head no more."

"What, father—never return?"

"Never, daughter; listen to me. You have been a witness to what has recently happened at the light-house; the two men were dragged and pinioned, and how busy I have been, up to the moment we were ready to leave the point."

"I knew that something strange had occurred, but I have no idea, even now, of the reasons which prompted you to use them as you did."

"I will tell you. For seven long weeks those two villains have deceived us. While they pretended to be government officers, they were only robbers, who, by some singular, and to me unknown means, obtained a knowledge of the burial of an immense treasure, beneath our very roof—have been employed in digging up the earth, in their secret apartments, where they at length discovered and secured the wished-for valuables, which they got in complete readiness, to-night, to bear away. This afternoon I sought to examine the premises, during their temporary absence at the village, and found it as I have thus hastily explained to you—a massive heap of gold and silver—of almost incredible value!"

"Is it possible?"

"You shall see, anon. Amidst my astonish-

ment and terror—for so much wealth alarmed me, Nelly—while I gazed on the jars, and chests and boxes of coin and precious stones before me, I suddenly heard approaching footsteps. I turned around, heard a loud oath muttered, and saw two pistols in the hands of those men, levelled at my breast! 'Stand!' they cried, 'or you die!' I owned that my curiosity had carried me too far, offered to keep their secret, and proposed to them to share their spoils, since it had been found under my roof, and had cost them only a few days' labor to secure it—but they rejected my offers, and allowed me, magnanimously, to depart with my life! I entered the house, thought of the narcotic, dragged their wine—and, you know the rest."

"But where are we bound?"

"Yes; I had forgot. During the evening, when I slept, I removed the ballast from the yacht, and placed every coin, every jewel, safely in the hold of the *Waif*. The men still slept."

"Only slept, father?"

"Only slept, daughter—there is no fear on that score. It is a powerful opiate, and sudden in its effect; but it cannot be harmed by it, after a few hours. I say while they still slept, I called you, we embarked, and we shall never return again to Beachy Head. If the property be mine, it is not theirs; and I will be avenged on them."

"How great is its value, father?" asked Nelly.

"I have not the remotest idea. I have secured it, and I assume the responsibility of the act, alone, my daughter. Never allude to it, if possible, from this hour. Confide in my discretion, as you have ever done, and leave the event to me."

The wind favored them, and, after eight days' sail, they ran into a small port on the southern coast of France. Here a few rough casks and boxes were procured, and the treasure was landed in safety. The yacht was sold to a band of smugglers at a good round sum, and Noel disappeared with his daughter and his booty. Before quitting this place, he met with the account of the burning of the light, and had the opportunity of smiling at the suspicions that had been excited in regard to the fate of himself and Nelly! This was a fortunate turn to the affair, and he availed himself of the advantages it presented for his future safety. He proceeded to Lisbon, then to Madrid, at each place, through means of the wealthy Jews there, succeeded in reducing his bulk of gold and silver, and from time to time turning his jewels and effects into cash or bills of credit, until all was disposed of, and he found himself rich almost beyond calculation. He finally left Madrid, and nothing more was known of him for a long period of time.

The two pretended officials of the British government, who came so near to being "gentlemen of fortune," arrived at Dover and quickly made their way towards the north, with what little they had contrived to secure to themselves, lest they should be tracked by the authorities, and eager for forgery. The captain received an injury ~~from the fall~~ by falling from his horse, while on a muddy road, and died from the wound. The lieutenant abandoned his swindling life, and became a better member of society, ultimately—but he never saw or heard of the light-keeper from the hour he was dragged at Beachy Head.

The Marquis de Brandt had been a widower for some years. While enjoying temperance, at Marseilles, he met with a blooming widow, with two children and a splendid fortune, and he wooed and won her. He had but one child of his own—Helen, whom we have already described—and the union of the two families proved a happy and congenial one. The marquis was very rich, in his own right; the united fortunes of Madame Desand and his own placed them among the wealthiest families in all Europe, and we have seen how they lived, and how they enjoyed the income of the splendid means they enjoyed.

It will be remembered by the reader that the letter which Noel had left in the light-house, and which he supposed would find its way to the person whom he desired to take temporary charge of the premises, in some manner, very soon after he left was destroyed by the malicious captain, who fired the buildings. As it never reached its intended destination, all knowledge of the fate of Noel from that night was obliterated, and the world supposing him dead soon forgot him and his child. The *Waif* was repaired and so changed as not to be recognized, subsequently, and all trace of the light-keeper, of Nelly, or of the yacht, was permanently and effectually cut off.

Wilford continued to apply himself vigorously to the work on which he had been engaged for the strange lady, and a few days before the time expired at which it was promised, the superb "Madonna" was completed and placed in readiness for inspection and delivery to its owner.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ADIEU.

IMMEDIATELY after the splendid entertainment given by the Marquis de Brandt, a round of elegant parties were put on the tapis, by the aristocracy of Paris—but the establishment of the marquis was at once broken up, as they purpose to pass a few weeks in Italy, prior to their return home, and the season was advancing. Great was the regret of the numerous newly-made friends of the marquis and marchioness, when this determination on their part was made public, but none were more deeply affected by it than were young Wilford, and his friend Manfred.

"This is unlucky," said the latter. "I had hoped the marquis would have tarried a little time here, with his beautiful family, and give us an opportunity to become better acquainted with them. Besides, my father had arranged for it, and really insists, that they shall visit Burton House this season."

"That would have been delightful," said Wilford, "and I think—though I haven't had the

honor of an invitation yet, I should have gone over to England myself, for a few days, under those circumstances."

"You know you are always welcome to Burton House, milord, and it doesn't need the formality of a card for my early friend to find ready admittance there, whenever he chooses. Of course, I intended you should join us—but they are positively off for Florence, I learn, on one."

"That is unfortunate! I am disappointed. You need have no particular feeling about it, however, Manfred."

"Wilford, milord, you are aware that I have had the opportunity of meeting with scores of beautiful women, in my short experience, and you know that I have never yet treated any one individual of the other sex with partiality. When I saw the daughters of the lovely Marchioness de Brandt—the delicate Hortense and the blooming Helen—I confess to you that I changed my mind. I do not now think that all women are alike; there is a choice among them."

Wilford started, perceptibly, at this altogether unexpected confession on the part of his friend, and a paleness quickly overspread his handsome features, as he rejected the compliment.

"Is it possible, Manfred?"

"And why not, pray?"

"Yes—but, a-woo, which one do you—I mean, do you really fancy either of the daughters of de Brandt?"

"I confess to you, I do."

"And she will encourage you, Manfred?"

"I have reason to think so. But what is all this tremor and sensation, Wilford?"

"Tell me, Manfred, which of the two?"

"Ah, my dear fellow! The loveliest and sweetest, in my estimation, of course. But do not fear that I will attempt to gather the ripened fruit from your vineyard. No, no! You have made your own selection, and I wish you good-speed in your aim to win the hand of the sparkling and noble Helen!"

"Thanks, thank you, good friend. Upon my honor, I would not be so startled again, for half this province!" exclaimed Wilford, as he recovered from the suspicion that Manfred, too, had fallen in love with his choice!

"No. Hortense de Brandt is my dear ideal of a true-hearted and lovely woman, Wilford. I am not at all, but in England, you know, money will purchase anything, if it is necessary, and in all other respects, I am not unequal to her. My fortune is and will be ample, and I have resolved to ask her hand in marriage, at the appropriate opportunity."

"I give you joy, Manfred, in advance, then. I could wish that my fortune were what it is not! But, *sit dependem!* I will earn my fortune."

"And what, Manfred, do either Helen or Hortense de Brandt are too sound in good judgment, and too well bred, to lay deep stress upon this 'property qualification,' alone, eh?"

"Yes, yes. But money is a very convenient thing, to be sure!"

"You are right, milord, when one can have a plenty of it. When do they break up?"

"Forthwith! I must be the husband of the marquis' last evening, casually, and he informs me that they will remove within the present week."

"Is not this decision made in great haste?"

"So it would seem, though I know little of their intended arrangements, save what is publicly announced."

"They will certainly allow us to pay them a parting call."

"That is what I would propose."

"And you will soon return to Dover, Manfred?"

"Yes, directly, for a few days. If you will join me, Wilford, I will proceed with you in the wake of de Brandts, next month."

"To Florence?"

"To Venice, first, and then to Florence, Rome, and Naples."

"The very aim of my life!" exclaimed Wilford. "I have longed to visit the classic ground of Laphael and his coopers, for many years. I will go with great pleasure."

"There is no other reason, of course, that would tempt you to visit this 'classic ground,' just at this present time, I suppose, Wilford? O, no, of course not," said Manfred, playfully. "But come, milord, brush up this evening, and we will call at the Hotel Moncrieff, and make our adieux to the family."

Agreeably to appointment, the two friends were set down from a modest *cabote*, at the door of de Brandt's mansion, at a rather early evening hour. Notwithstanding the supposed unavailability of the time, they found the reception-rooms of the marquis thronged with company, who had come on an errand similar to their own. The fair hostess was all smiles and radiance, and the marquis—though as formal and stiff as ever—was as gracious as possible.

The lovers had hoped for the opportunity, on this occasion, to be able to enjoy a quiet *tête-à-tête* with the two young ladies of whom they had become, at the same hour, enamored. But there was no such opportunity afforded. Carriage arrived after carriage, and scores of the nobility crowded upon each other, coming and going, until past midnight; but the lovers had only the privilege of doing and saying whatever the rest of the multitude were equally permitted to do and say, until their "call" had been protracted long beyond the period recognized by the rules of polite etiquette, and they were obliged reluctantly to take their leave, without making any demonstration whatever.

Wilford ventured to take the hand of Helen de Brandt in his own, at the moment of retiring, and was bold enough to say, in bad French:

"Adieu, ma chérie! We have greatly enjoyed the society of yourself and your noble father, a respectable family, and have only to regret that your stay at Paris has been, unfortunately, so very brief. I trust that we shall soon have the happiness to meet you again."

"Adieu, monsieur!" said the beauty, winningly, still resting her beautiful hand in the grasp of the artist, *non sans d'adieu. J'ai beaucoup de reconnaissance pour votre attention. Adieu!*

"Farewell, Manfred," added Hortense, good-

naturally, "If you visit Naples or Florence this season, pray find us. We shall be absent three months or more, and then you will surely come to our chateau, if we do not see you, meantime!"

Wilford kissed the hand of Helen de Brandt, and the two young gentlemen retired, in the happiest possible mood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEGGAR GIRL OF THE PORT DES FLEURS.

THE family of de Brandt had been gone several days, and Manfred had returned to England. Wilford was alone in his studio, and as the time had come round when his *Madonna* was to have been ready, he looked for the return of the lady who had ordered it. Prompt in his own share of the contract, the picture was duly finished; and on the morning that the time expired, a carriage halted again before his door, from which emerged his strange patron, who immediately entered his apartment, accompanied as before by her liveried attendant.

"Bonjour, monsieur! I am happy to see you," she said. "I hope you have found leisure to complete the picture I ordered, three months ago to-day?"

"Madame, I did not forget my promise. The subject, you remember, you left to my own selection. I chose the 'Madonna,' after a conception of my own, and I am happy to say that it is completed. Will it please you to examine it?"

The artist felt not a little pride in pointing the lady to his recent admirable effort, which he considered the best composition he had ever executed. "Here it is, Madame."

The lady did not raise her veil—a performance that Wilford most earnestly desired and watched for—stood for a moment fixed, as a statue, before the beautiful design.

"Monsieur!" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "you have outdone yourself. It is exquisite, everything that I could have wished. But, I observe, you have preserved the likeness I so much coveted."

"Because I fancied it would please you better, and I know of no features that would better carry out my design."

"You did well, monsieur; I am more than satisfied. Make your own price upon it. My steward will wait on you with a check for the amount, and remove the picture, directly," and the lady turned to go.

"Might I venture to ask Madame's address?" said Wilford, politely.

"I am a stranger in Paris, monsieur, a friend of the Countess de Charnaud, who will inform you further, if you apply to her. I am traveling, in cog., and have no permanent address at present. My servant will call on you and take the *Madonna*, at evening. Good-day, Monsieur Wilford."

The lady had gone!

Half an hour afterwards, a portress knocked at his door, and inquired, "Is this Monsieur Wilford?"

"Walk in," said the painter, "I am Wilford."

"Thank you, monsieur, I will not tarry. Here is a note which 'the lady in black' requested me to hand to you."

"What lady do you say?"

"I did not know who she is; all we know was that she lodged with us at our hotel, for a few days, and was known as 'the lady in black,' from her uniformly sombre attire. She paid her bills in advance, and we never ask useless questions, you know, monsieur."

"C'est bien," replied Wilford, handing the woman a half crown piece.

"This is twice I have been paid for this service," said the portress, chuckling to herself, and retiring.

Wilford saw that it was in Marie's hand-writing, but he had long since given up the idea of ferreting her out by asking questions of her instruments of communication. He could learn nothing from these people, who were either ignorant or were intimidated by their employer, and so he proceeded to read this last missive from his unknown but zealous friend.

"Wilford—this is the last favor you will receive from the hands of that Marie who loves you. There is no longer room in your heart for remembrance of the poor beggar-girl whom you once befriended, and who had fondly hoped that you might not advance with such rapid strides in fortune's path as to be forgetful that she still existed, and in secret worshipped you!"

"Your head is turned, Wilford! The pomp and glitter of fashion, the pamperings of nobility, the success which your genius and your talents have commanded, a pair of melting blue eyes and the dainty skin of the daughter of a marquis have vanquished you. You are no longer the struggling painter, depending upon his daily exertions for his bread, for fortune has smiled on you, and fame, station, riches are and will be your reward."

"Little thought had you for poor Marie, when the titled and the wealthy crowded around, and caressed you. Why should you have? It is not in nature to unite oil and water. Your tastes and inclinations are well-different, and your objects are well-graded. *N'importe, monsieur!* You are right. Pursue the path you have chosen, follow up the prize held out to you, and in the person of Helen de Brandt, find one who is prouder and more worthy of your love than the humble Marie!"

"You would know who is 'Marie.' Once, forever, let me answer your often-asked question. You imagine that the person whom you twice met upon the Port des Fleurs, the beggar-girl, was the same. This is an error. The first one was in the employ of the other, and she took this method of communicating with you, for reasons of her own. Since then, she has adopted her own way to confer with you. She sought to examine into your disposition, and satisfy herself whether or not you were what she believed and hoped you were. On this point she is now content. When you least expected it,

'poor Marie' has since and often been near you. She has dared to love you, not for your fame, your prospective future, or the honors that might accrue to you—but for yourself, alone."

"You have given your heart to Helen de Brandt—be it so! But, have a care, O Alfred Wilford! Suffer not the dazzling fortunes, the admitted beauty of even Helen de Brandt to intoxicates you, unless you prove her truth. Is she worthy of your affections? Is she gentle, loving, truthful, and will she be devoted to your future happiness, when the shall have had time to realize that she has taken to her arms the 'poor artist,' only, though the might have been devoted to a prince? Think of all this, and step with caution."

"Marie will still love you, and will watch over you. You do not know her yet, but one day you shall see her, face to face. Hitherto you have deemed her poor and obscure, though you have treated her disguise with respect. Know, now, that the Marie who addresses you through this means, for the last time, Wilford, has been nearer to you than you have ever dreamed, and has listened to your plaudits of the Nelly Noel, whose 'you shall have learned to love in life! That Marie has heard you, and the change of the poor light-keeper's child, whose image you so carefully preserve in your heart and in your studio. That Marie, believe me, Wilford, whom you have been so curious to meet, who loves you so devotedly, and who would gladly share with you her ample fortune—were it not too late! That 'Marie' is the recent purchaser of your 'Madonna,' the veiled stranger in black—who, though she will still continue to be your friend, and will hereafter make herself known to you—now bids you a regretful adieu! and with a prayer for your continued prosperity and happiness, subscribes herself once more, 'MARIE.'"

"Zounds and confusion!" exclaimed the painter, "I will give a thousand crowns to meet this 'Marie' once more!"

But 'the lady in black' had disappeared, the 'Madonna' had been paid for and instantly removed, the portress had gone, and Wilford was more in the dark than ever as to this mysterious and now strangely libelous "beggars!"

He turned back the leaves of his memory, and saw how interwoven was the receipt of all the letters from "Marie," in connection with the lady in black or her servants, and he was satisfied that her story was genuine. But what could I have been her object in thus mystifying the matter? Why a beggar-girl and then a lady of nobility? Still, as studied, but he obtained no satisfactory reply.

"I shall know her hereafter," says Marie. "Well, that is some comfort. I will wait, dear Marie, I will wait!"

In the hurry to get away from Paris, the marquis did not call at Wilford's studio as he proposed, and he sent the artist the following apology.

"The compliments of the Marquis de Brandt to Monsieur Wilford. The marquis regrets that his time is limited to so short a period before he leaves Paris for Italy, with his family, that he will not have the pleasure of waiting upon him at his studio, as he intended to do. The marquis chooses to join the young ladies in presenting parting respects to Monsieur Wilford."

DE BRANDT.

Hotel Moncrieff, Evening."

CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING IN VENICE.

THE family of the Marquis de Brandt had been sojourning in Venice and Naples several weeks, and near three months had elapsed since they left Paris. Their style of living had been splendid, as was their custom, and during their visit in Italy they had passed the time gaily and tumultuously. One evening as the sun was setting amidst the glory of a southern sky, there arrived at the Hotel Anglaise two gentlemen, with a single male servant. They were modest in their bearing and attire, and little notice was accorded to them by the strange crowd around them.

The burthen of the conversation appeared to be devoted to the magnificent liberality of the marquis and his family, and to the singular deportment and questionable objects of a single other person who had engrossed a considerable share of public notice. This latter was a female, who was attended by a secretary and four or five attendants, and she was only known by the title of the "Lady in silks."

She was tall and graceful in person, but was exceedingly reserved in her intercourse with any one beyond her own attendants. Occasionally she had been seen to speak, briefly, with the family of the marquis, but she was known to none others, and the mystery of her habits and bearing caused much remark, though none knew whence she came, or who she could be.

Immediately upon the arrival of the two young men above spoken of—who looked themselves as Manfred and Wilford—they looked about to learn if the Beauty of the South was there, and were gratified to learn that they had been domiciled in Venice, some three weeks. The next day as they were on the point of passing out of the hotel, for the purpose of paying their respects to the marchioness, a lady in deep black entered a beautiful carriage near by, whose form was instantly recognized by Wilford as his late mysterious patron in Paris!

"By Jove! Alfred," exclaimed the artist, springing forward to obtain a view of the carriage, or the lady, or both, "there goes the purchaser of my *Madonna*."

"And what of all that?" responded Manfred, who knew nothing of the particular circumstances of that case, and who could therefore see no reason why his friend should quicken "jump out of his skin." "What if it is, milord? Don't make yourself an object of remark, in public, in this way. Suppose she did buy your *Madonna*?"

"Suppose she did? Ah! milord, you don't know her story."

"Do you?"

"No. But I would give a round sum to find it out, to be sure."

"Well, she is gone for the present."

"So I observe. That is her carriage, too, the same I noticed before the door of my studio in Paris."

"Here's an adventure to begin with, then."

"You shall see, Manfred. Do you remember my mentioning the beggar girl of the Pont des Fleurs?"

"Yes."

"That is she!"

"Who?"

"The lady in black."

"Well, who is the lady in black?"

"Why, Marie, to be sure."

"Marie! This is another one, then."

"Well, understand me, now. You heard our neighbors here speak of the 'lady in black,' have you not?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, as we stepped from our hotel, I overheard the remark from one of our countrymen, 'there she is again.' I looked, and behold the purchaser of my Madonna, whose face I never saw, and whom I knew only as the 'lady in black,' until I received a note from the beggar girl—as I suppose—and signed Marie, informing me that she had doubly disguised her intercourse with me, and that herself and my patron were the same person. Do you think I am not anxious to know her?"

"Well, I am not surprised. But, will you succeed?"

"I shall try, assuredly."

"How will you commence?"

"I will call upon her."

"Where?"

"That remains to be ascertained," said Wilford, "but I shall continue. She has slipped me several times, and if she doesn't know that I am in Venice, I shall be certain to carry my point. I cannot conceive why she preserves this curious department towards me, inasmuch as her letters to me—if it be the same person—over the signature of 'Marie,' were burdened with good wishes and earnest sentiments of solicitude in my especial behalf."

"You have corresponded with her, then?"

Wilford explained the whole of his romantic secret, to his friend, who concluded that he was precisely in Wilford's situation, he should feel precisely as the artist did, without any doubt.

"And when you meet this strange woman, and learn all about her, if you effect it," asked Manfred, "what will you have gained?"

"That is in the future, too, my boy. But here we are."

The friends had reached the temporary residence of the Marquis de Brandt, where they intended to call.

They found only the marchioness and Hortense, at leisure—Helen having accompanied her father out to examine some of the picture galleries. The ladies were delighted to see their friends in Venice, where they had enjoyed their sojourn very pleasantly, and the fair marchioness and the fair Hortense looked more charmingly. Manfred was especially pleased, and accepted their invitation to be social during his stay in Venice, with marked satisfaction.

"Helen will be glad to meet you here, monsieur," said the marchioness, addressing Wilford, kindly, "and will be disappointed that you should not find her at home."

With promises to call again, early the young gentlemen left. As they turned from the door, the carriage of the strange lady halted at the portal of the marquis.

"There she is, again!" said Wilford, to his friend. "This is unlikely, to be sure. Had we tarried a moment longer, we might have had an introduction, without further trouble."

"Hail! you better return?" said Manfred, provokingly.

Wilford knew better than to permit his zeal to urge him to overstep the bounds of etiquette, so, ridiculously, and he turned towards his lodgings, not a little annoyed with his morning's ill success.

"I am at a loss to conceive why this beggar, or prince, or whoever she may be," added Wilford, "should take this singular interest in my temporal affairs, and at the same time exhibit such wilful shyness about all. If there were any reason why she should follow me, and advise me, I should not be so easily won by my pictures, and all that, I don't understand why she shouldn't permit me to know exactly who and what she is. Do you, Manfred?"

"I cannot answer for her furtiveness."

"Furtiveness? Do you call it that?"

"Excitiveness, then, milord. How do you like that?"

"Bah! Manfred, you are a queer fellow. But what strikes me as strangely odd is all the rest, is that she happens to be in Venice, when I get here! Why shouldn't she have been in Paris, or anywhere else?"

"True—but I presume she will explain everything to your satisfaction, if you are ever so lucky as to catch her again," said Manfred.

"But we can learn of her easily, and of the Brandts," replied Wilford, suddenly, thinking of this plan of inquiry.

"Have a care, then, milord!" suggested Manfred. "Ask no foolish questions in that quarter, about this woman. You will have to explain, perhaps, and what will a certain demi-monde say, do you think, if you disclose your apparent intrigue, there?"

They reached their lodgings, and immediately Wilford learned that a curious card had been left for him during his absence. He looked at it, and a simple black mark, thus—appeared upon it, with the address, "HOTEL FRANCAIS, 11 P. M."

"What good mystery!"

"What do you make out of that?" asked Wilford.

"It is from your noble friend, the beggar," said Manfred, coolly. "You will observe the summons, of course. Perhaps she has turned out to be an officer of the Inquisition, in disguise. Call, milord, by all means."

"You are perfectly heartless in this matter, Manfred. But I will go. I am determined upon seeing her face, at any rate."

"Go on, milord. I wish you all success. I have no doubt she will prove an angel, or a spirit, or something between the two. Go, by all means."

And Wilford did go, as the card indicated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAPA'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. BOULE.

THE shadows of evening were creeping slowly over the great city, hanging in weird-like folds about the steeples; dropping in dark, cloud-like patches upon the broad avenues and trailing deep black lines through the narrow lanes and up and down the dreary courts. Perhaps it was to watch them, as they glided so noiselessly from the gray clouds that had gathered in the eastern sky, and stole onto their deathlike duty, first making way and dim the object on which the looked, and then throwing so closely and fast over it the broad masses of darkness, that it seemed to fade into oblivion before her very eyesight,—perhaps it was for this, that a young and beautiful maiden, sat at nightfall, seated herself in an alcove window, drew the crimson drapery closely before her, and pressed her pale, delicate face so tightly against the casement. Or perhaps it was to watch the stars as they began to twinkle in silvery brightness upon the broad, blue front of the arching sky, or to wait till the full moon, in her queenly glory, should sail through the heavenly tides. Or perhaps to scrutinize with eager, careful glances the passers-by; to list for the footfall of love, or to tone the heart has need of. But, whichever it was, it absorbed her entirely, and but that, had you, as you crept to her side, felt the heat of her pulses and noticed the passionate flow of her blood, you might have mistaken her easily for a waxen statue.

The servants passed to and fro through the parlors on their twilight duties, they rattled the coals in the grate till they glowed with a ruddier light—they lit lamp after lamp, till the lofty and spacious rooms were brilliant with sunlight. They wheeled the tables and chairs to their cozy and usual evening nooks, they drew the curtains and closed the doors, and went their way again; and yet their youthful mistress, neither by look or motion, seemed to know they were or had been present. Still she sat there with her fair brow pressed against the crystal pane, gazed out into the darkened street with her bright but tearful eyes, still continued her sad, silent musings, though whether upon the shadows that had gathered without, or those that lay heavy and thick within, it were hard to tell, for the sobs that usually gush forth as we gaze on the latter, if any she felt, were choked in her throat, strangled in birth.

Once, only, she moved. Some one, the increased darkness hid even his outline, but one halted a moment, it seemed almost involuntarily, under her window, and then passed along, a low, sweet, yet mournful snatch of a song flowing back on the night wind, much like the echo of a heart that is weeping, than the tone of a voice in its manhood. One moment the beautiful girl raised her hands to her brow and pressed it convulsively, then knocked at her heart with that thrilling motion which quies so quickly gives place to joy, and then dropped them, and her, deep in the downy cushions on which she rested.

For an hour or more she sat there afterward, motionless, save now and then she gently moved her eyelids and shook off the heavy tear. She did not seem to hear the front door open, a man in the prime of life came in; he gave no heed to the words of command which he issued to the waiting servants; he stirred not, even when he entered the parlor and drew his chair closely to the grate, though in doing so he touched a quartette table so carelessly that the crystals that hung on the lamp tinkled like bells on a dancing floor. Yet her father, for such the gentleman was, seemed to know she was there, for, after a while, pushing back his seat and wheeling it towards a low cushioned rocker, he said, gently:

"Mabel,—papa has come home."

The words seemed to rouse her, for she started up quickly and exclaiming, in a tone of surprise: "Papa—and so early!" she hid her eyes a few moments in her hands, and then pushed aside the rich folds that had veiled her so long, and stoiled to his side, stopping, ere she dropped in her usual seat, to press a dutiful kiss on his lips.

"Early, Mabel? Why where have your thoughts been running, my child? I expected numberless questions as to where and why I had stayed so late,—it is past eight o'clock."

"That's eight! Can it be? It was but five when I went there."

"And what has my little Mabel been doing for three long hours in that cozy nook?"

"O nothing, of course,—the seldom does else, you know," and she looked archly up into his face, knowing he would contradict her assertion.

"Nothing? O, no, Mabel never does anything. Who keeps papa's house? who makes up his linen? who knits his soft socks? who reads to him when his eyes are tired, and sings to him when his heart is sad? Who is the dearest and most devoted child in the world?"

And fondly and proudly he wound his strong arms about the delicate girl, drew her to his heart, and showered her white cheeks with caresses.

"And I'm going to pay her for all,—yes, though it ruins me quite. Mabel, dear child, papa is going to make you a present that will stand in all the dates he has owed you so long. This is what kept me so long and so late,—looking up for my darling New Year's gift. But I've found it at last, and I know it will suit."

"And what is it, father?" asked she, seemingly earnest in tone, though in truth her thoughts were far distant. "What has at length suited the fastidious taste of my dear, good father? Something rich, rare, and costly, I fancy. Did you bring it along?" and the slender fingers began a slow search towards his pockets.

"It was too broad, long, and heavy for my pocket I was told. Besides, if I had it, do you think I would show it till New Year's morning? No, no; Mabel may dream to-night of her father's gift, and fairly like dreams they shall be, for never had maiden a richer, a rarer, a costlier

gift. But where," and his tone grew stern, "where is the ringing laugh and the gush of song? where is the flashing glance and the blushing cheek, which once would have greeted her father when he told her a story like this? Where?" but he interrupted himself wildly:

"Hushed,—dimmed,—faded! O, father, I love you, dearly and well,—I am true to my promise,—but changed, as you see. My heart has a load it will bear to the grave," and a low, plaintive wail stole from her lips and went whispering about, like the moan of the wind over flowers that have perished.

The brows of the father were knit, and it seemed with suppressed emotion, though whether of anger or not it were hard to tell, so wavering was the light that played in his eyes. Once he pushed her almost from his bosom, then again drew her closer, pressing her cheek with new kisses.

At length, seeming to have attained the mastery of his feelings, he spoke, saying, "I had thought other things of my Mabel. I had hoped that what she knew to be her duty, that would she do cheerfully,—that, like her angel mother, never would she falter in the path of right."

Like a youthful princess, clothed with garments from heaven, and inspiration, too, seemed the usually gentle girl, as, withdrawing from her father's arms, she stood up before him. For a moment, the words she would speak seemed to falter on her pale lips, but then they rang forth in tones that were startlingly vehement.

"You had no right to hope other things of Mabel. You had no right to expect that the daughter of an angel would sell her heart for gold, barter for luxury God's priceless gifts. She has not faltered in the path of right,—she is true to the mother who nurtured her soul so well and so tenderly. O, father, father," and she fell on her knees beside him, "you say you have a gift—a rare and costly one—for to-morrow's morn. I bless you for the love that sought it out, but that, and all others that you have or may yet give me, is as nothing to the one you deny me still. Father, by the love you cherish of my mother, the bride of your heart, the wife of your bosom, O, father, give me the right to love. I ask no other gift for the New Year that shall dawn to-morrow, or any that I may see hereafter. Will you promise me this,—only this,—dear, dear father?" and she clung to him with passionate caresses.

"Not to-night, not to-night. It is one that should not be lightly made. I will think of it, Mabel," and he fondled her tenderly, and then added, in a lighter, gayer tone, "this is always the way fathers get served. We can never purchase a gift so princely, but our daughters will think of something more costly yet."

"If there is a gem on earth that can compare with a human heart," said Mabel, solemnly, "I doubt not, your gift is one as queenly and covet, for well do I know your taste and your purse, but sooner—"

"Well, well, child," interrupted the father, bluntly, "we'll let sentiment and romance pass for the rest of the evening. My weary and hungry—"

"Ring for supper," said Mabel, solemnly, "and in order to give you an opportunity to tell me to promise you that, after you once receive my gift, instead of moping here like a love-lorn girl in a grate cell, you'll be dancing and singing about like one of your own pet birds on a sunny day. So wipe your eyes, and quickly, too, lest you'll mix my cup with tears instead of tea, and give me the dumps as well as yourself."

And he drew her arms within his own and led her to the supper-room.

Mabel R. was the only child of one of the most wealthy and aristocratic families in the city of B. Gifted by nature with rare and brilliant beauty, and blessed with a mother who knew how to prize right the holy offspring God had laid upon her heart, she grew up as lovingly in disposition as superior in her endowments, as she was beautiful in countenance and graceful in figure. And although the gentle one who nurtured her so carefully passed away ere Mabel was quite sixteen, she lived long enough to impress her daughter aright as to her course in every difficult duty—lived long enough to give her a character which no earthly circumstance could change. And well was it so; for, although Mr. R., while under the influence of his wife, seemed to be all a parent should be, when left alone, fast merged himself into a mere man of the world. Ever tender and affectionate to his daughter, he yet looked upon her rather as the heiress of his princely fortune than the child of his heart, and all his projects were undertaken rather with a view to increase her inheritance, than to add to her sum of positive joy.

That Mabel, educated as she had been, should disappoint her father, was not strange. That, instead of accepting eagerly the dowered status which he knelt at her feet with golden gifts, she should yield up her warm affections only to one, who, like herself, had a pure and noble heart, whom she had tested as to integrity of soul, whose genius she could bow before, whose morality she could reverence,—that she should do this was not strange at all, but only in consonance with herself. Nor was it strange that such a course should chagrin her father, and, for a time, cloud his brow as he gazed upon her face.

It happened this way. A year or two after Mabel had been left motherless, and ere she had been much in society, they passed the summer months in a lonely but beautiful place on the seashore. It had been chosen by herself, in preference to the more crowded and fashionable localities, not only because it was wilder in scenery, but because its quiet and seclusion harmonized with her saddened heart, and gave her leisure to pursue her favorite studies. The only boarder beside herself at the primitive farm-house was a distant relative, the proprietor, one of those youths to whom Heaven gives poverty of purse, but wealth of soul. Rare and rich were the natural endowments of Eugene Laselle, and assiduous cultivation had polished the native gems, till they were almost dazzling in their splendor.

A valuable acquisition to society, at any time and in any place, he was received with more

than ordinary pleasure, both by Mr. R. and his daughter, in that retired home and almost companionable spot. Their out-door excursions were always taken together, while their in-door employments were so arranged that each should increase the other's enjoyment. And thus the summer passed away on golden pinions, fragrant with beautiful odors, and musical with the richest of strains.

Never, for once, did it enter Mr. R.'s mind, that the affections of his child were becoming bound to the heart of the young artist, or that she had come to his soul like the incarnation of his most rapturous dream, filling it with the beauty and joy of earth's purest tie. Mabel was so young, and the artist so poor, that such a result, even from their daily companionship, never troubled the worldly thoughts of the father.

Nor for a year did he suspect that, although no word of love had trembled upon the lips of either, many a message from the heart had been flashed out in the beaming eye, had burned forth in the blushing cheek, had throbbled in the clasp of the hand, and thrilled in the breath of song. And though he remonstrated with her, almost angrily sometimes, when, on their European tour, she rejected so unhesitatingly the titled ones who offered their rank and fortune to the fair American, he did so only because his pride had longed to see a coronet upon her brow, or to have her sit high in the worldly temple. But when she would her soft arms so lovingly about him, and whispered, "my home must be in my native land, my hand and heart must be given only to one who, like myself, loves that before all others," his rebellious heart would swell with rapture, and he would call her firmer and more tenderly, and tell her she should have her own way.

But when, after their return, she refused again and again the wealthy suitors who approached her, a suspicion of the truth at length flashed over him, and with it came the stern resolve, that in this she should not have her way,—that so poor man, though he were gifted beyond all others, should win to his home the heiress of his wealth. And when Laselle, who not until he had so attracted the public attention that he was positive of a future success that should insure a competency, if not a fortune, for his wife, at length asked for the hand of Mabel, he was repulsed rudely and firmly, and all future intercourse, by word or look, prohibited. The artist had too much nobility of soul to sue for what he felt was his manhood's right, and turned away to his humble studio, with the pure and beautiful resolution to devote himself henceforth to his art, to win laurels that should be rich and fresh when the millionaire's wealth was forgotten and his name sunk in obscurity. And Mabel, though she promised her father to be true to his wishes, yet told him the same thing, and would not let the one of her choice, she would live free from the companionship of a married home, that it would be idle to strive to force upon her another attachment.

"It is no idle fancy," said she. "It is a love which, were in its birth, has grown a-sweet and true. Ring for the light, then, these years,—a love founded on truth,—a love that has tested its truth, that has proved he was to a widowed mother the kindest and dearest of sons, and to a crippled sister the fondest and tenderest of brothers, and that, when one who had revered his rare gifts left to his own free will his small patrimony, instead of freeing himself from the trials of his poverty, and emerging at once into wealth and plenty, he settled all on the two dear ones at home, and toiled on without a murmur. Nay, father, it is no girlish fancy,—it is the love of the woman."

But, in spite of these assertions, reiterated and strong, he still clung to the belief that it was but a romance of girlhood, and would pass away, and that one day he should see his daughter, as rich as his own. But when, after months of waiting, he found she was firm as at first, in spite of himself, he could not but respect her. And when he saw her cheek grow paler and thinner, her voice hush its music, her step cease its dance, and a touching expression of sorrow steal over her once radiant young face, his heart felt reluctant its stern decree, and he wept for the now he had himself caused.

When the face of his wife stole into his dreams, and instead of its angel sweetness of look, was clothed with the stare of reproach, he struggled yet harder in the combat with pride, and became to the gentle girl, instead of the tyrannical father, the warm-hearted friend, with caresses as soothing as his words were mild.

Bright and true as the dawned New Year's morning, and though Mabel had wept herself to sleep late the evening before, sick and sad at heart, yet as she unclosed her heavy eyelids and marked how broad and brilliant were the streams of sunshine that poured into her chamber, and listened to the merry notes of her canary in its gilded cage, she rose with an exhilaration of spirit that had long been a stranger to her. Her eyes flashed with a lustre as new as it was fresh, and her bounding pulse sent a delicate buoyancy to her cheek, while her unwonted buoyancy of heart wreathed her lips with smiles, and dimpled her face with an added beauty.

"For papa's sake I will be gay to-day. Poor papa,—how strange, that with so kind a heart, he should have so stern a will," and a single tear settled in the beautiful eye. "Weeping so soon! I sighed so, as she dashed it off, 'this will not do. I will be gay. I will show papa that I love him yet; we will be happy to-day, though the year, as the last, closes with tears.' And, a moment after, with a smaller basket in her hand, she taps gently at the door of her father's room."

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year, sweet daughter, dear child!" is the glad response with in, and entering, she draws a low stool to the great arm-chair, where he sits in his morning-robe, and after showering his cheeks and his lips with warm kisses, she eats herself there and laying a hand on the basket, asks what he thinks Mabel has brought for a New Year's gift."

He hesitatingly takes down his slippered feet from the marble mantel, on which he has poised them, and rests them upon her silk apron. She

laughs, as she cries, "the same old things, year after year," and then, lifting the lid of the basket, she shows him a pile of soft lamb's wool socks and a pair of embroidered slippers, all the work of her own slender hands. "Not rich, rare, and costly," said she, "but welcome, I trust, as a daughter's work. And now, where is my present. I am impatient to see it. Say, in which of the drawers shall I look?" and she turned to the bureau, where she had been wont, for some years, to find every New Year her costly gift.

"It was too large for a drawer," said he, and his eyes twinkled merrily. "Say, Mabel, you're not to have it just yet. But sometimes to-day or to-night it will come."

"Too heavy for your pocket, too large for a drawer," said Mabel, inquiringly, "pray, what can it be?" O, I hope 'tis that splendid harp I've wanted so long, which, rich as you are, you said cost too much. Say, is it not, dear papa?"

"That's telling, little daughter. You must wait, now, and see."

The day passed quickly to Mabel, and so busy was she in completing the magnificent preparations for her birth night ball, that she scarcely thought of her gift, and when she did, it was only to wonder why papa should reserve its bestowal to so late an hour.

Evening closed in at length, and she stood at her mirror, completing her toilet, which was chaste as her own pure soul; a robe of white satin, with a necklace and bracelets of pearls, and a wreath of white rose-buds twisted carelessly in her brown tresses, and was just drawing on her tiny soft glove, when a servant said to her that a guest was announced.

"So early," murmured she. "I wonder who it can be, and why papa did not receive him," and she slowly descended to the brilliant parlors. But no one came forward to greet her, and she passed along, glancing about to see that all was perfected, till she reached the small winter garden, which was radiant and fragrant with the choicest of blossoms. She observed no one there, and thinking it was all a mistake, she threw herself on a rustic seat and watched a low, sweet song, the unstudied expression, it seemed, of her sweet thoughts.

As the strain died away, a footfall was heard, and from the shelter of some tall rose clematis, there issued a lofty and elegant form, and, ere she could rise, her hand was imprisoned and a voice, whose tones were the harmin tones of her memory, breathed out the one word:

"Mabel!"

"Eugene! You—and here! What means it?" And, forgetting her promise in the rapturous meeting, she suffered herself to be clasped to his bosom, and revelled awhile in his passionate kisses. But duty, her ever stern monitor, soon called her away, and, withdrawing her self, she asked, wildly, "but why are you—my father—"

"Your father invited me," and he showed her a card, and she knew the direction was in her parent's own hand.

"But, now, why?"

"Perhaps," and he drew himself proudly up, "because Laselle is a name that has now some celebrity, and no party is thought to be quite complete, lest the guest of honor form one of the guests. Perhaps,—but no matter why. I was too glad of the privilege to question it much, and Mabel will not wonder I came so early a guest. It is long since this bliss has been mine, and again drew the delicate from his heart, and pressed his fond kisses upon her lip and her cheek, while Mabel, leaning into that sweet, dreamy frame which is ever the blessed accompaniment of a joyful surprise.

The sound of a firm, well-known footstep aroused her, and she struggled to be free. But firmer was the clasp of the lover, and fonder his tender caresses, and deeper grew the crimson upon the cheek of the maiden, for she felt that her father stood by,—and where now was her promise!

But instead of the angry words that she expected each moment would shiver the air and curdle her blood, a rich, musical laugh greeted her ears, followed by the words, "My present suits well, does it not, little girl?"

Then, her lover releasing her, she sprang to his side, and covering her confusion as well as she could by affected smiles, she asked, "And where is it, papa? I have seen none yet."

"Too heavy for my pocket, too large for a drawer," and he laughed right merrily, "and yet you can't see it!"

Solemn then grew the father's mien, and gentler was his touch, as he laid her slender hand upon the throbbing heart of her beloved; and low, yet impassioned was his voice, as he breathed out the words, "Here, here, my daughter. 'Harp of a thousand strings'—I give it to you, rich with melody, and may God spare it to you with chords unbroken, and may the music it shall give back to your gentle touches 'swell to heaven.'"

There was a long, sweet silence. Then Mr. R. turned aside for a moment, and sought a small parcel from amid the green leaves. Approaching the lovers, he bade his daughter rise, and in a moment a delicate bridal veil fell in snowy folds over her clustering curls, and ere the hour had passed, she was the happiest bride of all the glad New Year.

MERCY.

The first sentence of death the young sovereign, Queen Victoria, was required to sign, was that of a soldier called out to death for desertion. The queen read it, and asked the minister who brought it to her: "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "He has desertion," he said, "he has deserted three times, but," said the brave veteran who related the anecdote, seeing her majesty's anxiety, "I added, though he is a very bad soldier, and a worse witness for his character, and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may be a good man."

"O, thank you for that a thousand times," exclaimed the queen; and hastily writing "Pardoned" on the paper, she put it across the table, with her fair hand trembling with emotion.—Queen Victoria, from her Birth to her Death.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

REMEMBER THE READY.

BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE.

Runly now the storm-lain rubeeth
From his room, wintry fair;
And with waning malice husheth
Nature's music every where.

Bowling, bounding, bounding,
Horse along the summer gale,
Blend the breezes that make his coming
With a sad and mournful wail.

Summer's smiles—those crowned with gladiolus,
Filled with joy the poor man's cot,
Beam no more, while glowing blossoms
Mark with sighs his darkened lot,
Gentle reader, hasten power
Now to soothe the stricken one;
Hush thee well, lest thy sighs lower
God shall claim for dead undone.

O, wait not for platitude anguish
To claim beauty at thy door;
Oh, proud heart, till broken, languish,
Few they seek thee of thy store.
Win the power, better beauty,
That shall hasten to the dead;
By devoting love of duty
To search for those in need.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

THE STUDENT OF GOTTINGEN.

BY CHARLES B. WAITE.

In the suburbs of Göttingen there stands, to this day, a small stone dwelling house, built in the fashion in which all German houses were constructed three quarters of a century ago, and exhibiting a wonderful degree of preservation from the assaults of time. Behind it there still remain the vestiges of a garden, and the ruins of a summer-house, both declaring that gardening, on an extensive scale, was once conducted by the inmates of the dwelling. The fence before the house—which is of wood, supported on stone posts—presents at the present time a most dilapidated appearance. The bars between the posts have sunk in many places, driving the palings into the earth, and bending or breaking them, while in others the posts themselves have broken off, or been prostrated by tempests. But the house itself appears to have defied the action of the elements. Not a particle of stone has peeled or broken off, to deface the fair symmetry of its angles, and the stone gables still frown above the narrow windows, as perfect and symmetrical as when fresh from the hands of the mason.

A half century ago, dear reader, this house was occupied and this garden cultivated by Marc Switzer, a talented, industrious and capable man, once gardener to a German prince of immense domains, then a retired old man, living upon the fruits of his early industry. Old Marc's wife had been long dead at the period when our story opens, and Marc himself was nearly used to, notwithstanding the sobriety and activity of his youth. But he had two solaces to his declining years, a lovely daughter, Amelie, the very image of his departed wife, and a manly son, Carl, who inherited, with his father's honesty and industry, a large share of his mother's mental attributes.

As soon as Marc's years and infirmities prevented him from attending to the garden which he had carefully planted and assiduously nurtured, in the rear of his comfortable dwelling, he yielded (not, however, without many a sigh) its management into the hands of a hired man, named Kreutz, and gave to his son Carl a little spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper cultivation of which he was alone responsible. Carl continued his gardening avocations almost uninterruptedly, until he was of the proper age to attend the gymnasium, when he abandoned his agricultural pursuits, and devoted himself to study.

During the whole of his course at the gymnasium, from the first day on which he recited to a master, to the last day on which he was prepared to enter the university, he acquired the delight to the admiration of his masters, and the delight of his aged father. Old Marc used to say that he should die happy, if he could see his son pass the courses at the university as honorably as he had done those at the gymnasium, for then he would be the first man in Germany.

Our story begins just after the establishment of Carl at the University of Göttingen, and we introduce the reader into one of the numerous lecture-rooms of that venerable institution. Upon a bench, in the middle of the spacious room, sat Carl Switzer, attentively listening to the abstruse sentences which drop from the lips of the lecturer. Tall and muscular, and of a noble, generous, manly cast of features, he would attract attention anywhere, as one of Nature's masterpieces. A mass of bushy hair, as black as night, surrounded, or rather encircled his head, and a moustache of the same raven hue, exquisitely curled, ornamented his lip. His dress is simple and unpretending, not mean, however, and cut in the style which would have declared him anywhere in Germany, a student of Göttingen.

Reclining rather listlessly upon the bench by his side, is a young man, in every respect his opposite, as far as external appearance is concerned. His figure is slight and delicate, his moustache nearly absent, and his dress rich and tasteful. Like nearly all the young men by whom he is surrounded, he exhibits unequivocal symptoms of being egregiously enured. Yawning furiously, he suddenly exclaims, in a loud whisper, to his companion:

"Carl, I believe Clarence to be the most wearisome beast in the whole of this colossal menagerie."

"Hut! I shall lose the train!"

"Egad, if I could find it I would fire it, and

explode the whole institution, if possible!" and, making a pillow of Carl's pile of manuscript, he coolly stretched his limbs upon the bench for a siesta.

The young man's opinion of Clarence appeared to be endorsed by nearly all of the assembled students. At least nearly all had adopted his horizontal posture. A few, however, among whom were young Switzer, bung with their faculties all absorbed upon the theories which fell from the lips of the subtle metaphysician.

At last he closed. Those who had been taking notes folded their manuscripts, those who had been taking naps unfolded their legs and arms, and all prepared to depart.

"He is done," said Carl, rousing his comrade. "Thank God!" quite fervently responded the sleeper, shaking himself.

Just as the young men were ready to go, a biller, projected from an unseen corner of the room, fell at their feet. Carl stooped to pick it up, and as his eye fell upon the address, he started, and glancing suspiciously around the lecture-room, passed it over to his companion.

The note was directed, "Count Orville de Kozinstadt, calling himself a student of Göttingen."

Tearing it open in wonder, the youth read, "Be aware of Kreutz!" That was all.

"This is incomprehensible!" he exclaimed. "From what quarter did it come?"

"I am at a loss to conjecture!" replied Carl. "It surely has no reference to Amelie! I would scarcely half of my estates, however, to have her beyond the limits of this licentious town, with her reckless students."

"I believe that warning comes from no friend," said Carl, in the deep and measured tones of his eminently fine and manly voice; "first, because the writer reveals his knowledge of your rank, evidently to excite your alarm, and secondly, because it is anonymous."

"At least I shall keep watch over Kreutz," "Doubtless," replied his friend.

They were now in the streets of Göttingen, and in half an hour presented themselves at the door of the stone cottage which we have described as the property of Marc Switzer. Amelie welcomed them with a joyful smile. She always smiled whenever Carl returned from his lectures with his noble friend. If he had known that he was noble, perhaps the welcome might not have been so cordial. She only knew that he called himself Orville, and a student of Göttingen.

We will not stop to describe Amelie. Be content to know, dear reader, that she was as beautiful as a bright May morning, and as noble as she was beautiful.

"Kreutz provided for me a rare entertainment this morning," observed Carl's sister, as they sat conversing in the little parlor which looked out upon the front garden, bounded by the fence with the stone pillars and white wooden palings. "He introduced to me a young friend of his, who understands not only the technicalities of his craft, but can appreciate, also, the poetry of gardening."

"Ah!" ejaculated both youths, in a breath. It was doubtless an unusual thing for a stranger to intrude upon the quiet retirement of one Marc's household.

"It was delightful," continued Amelie, "to have such truly beautiful and noble sentiments from one who were so plain a garb. Kreutz wished to show him the improvements he had been planning, and desired me to accompany myself and his young friend through the garden. Each laid and blossom seemed to inspire the young gardener with some new poetical emotion, to which he gave utterance in the choicest speech."

"A prodigy of a gardener!" said Orville.

"His name?"

"Yes, sister, his name!" asked Carl, suddenly turning from the window, through which he had been intently gazing.

"Kreutz called him Orland."

"Had he dark hair and eyes?"

"Yes."

"His figure slight and tall?"

"Yes, Carl."

"Had he small hands, unlike a gardener, and were his features small and feminine?" continued Carl, with the pertinacity of a lawyer extracting testimony from a witness.

"Yes, brother. You have seen him!"

"Yes, he just passed, in a coach and four."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Amelie, going to the window. "How could you have noticed all his peculiarities of person?"

"I have seen him before. Besides, the horses walked, and he spoke from the carriage window to Kreutz, in the garden."

"Ha!" exclaimed Orville, "that was a friendly warning—'Be aware of Kreutz!'"

"Orville," said Carl, in a whisper, "saddle your horse, and allow not that coach to escape your sight."

"It shall not," said his friend, kissing Amelie's hand and hurriedly taking leave.

"Amelie," said young Switzer, taking his sister's hand, "your young gardener's visit does us no good. I could be more explicit, but I do not desire to alarm your fears. I must be absent this evening. My duties to my club would render it dishonorable for me to desert it to-night. Do not allow Kreutz upon any pretext to absent himself. Do not answer any summons at the door. Endeavor to interest our poor old father with the details of Kreutz's gardening, and make the old man happy, as you well know how to do."

"Why was Orville so much disturbed, and why did he depart so suddenly?" asked his sister, anxiously, after she had promised to heed his advice.

"Because of his solicitude and affection for you, I suppose," replied Carl, wickily; "there, I can tell you no more!" and leaving the half vexed girl, he quitted the house and proceeded to the club-room, which was in a distant part of the town.

It was a small room in which Carl's club met, not more than twenty feet square, filled with benches and tables, promiscuously distributed and studiously disarranged. On one side was a desk of oak wood, innocent of paint, and stained with beer, which served as the throne of the

presiding functionary. Below this, on either side, were a few benches, which some genius with order preternaturally developed had placed in regular rows. Before them were tables, stained, like the above mentioned desk, with beer, and exhibiting the results of the club's extraordinary proclivities to ponding.

When young Switzer arrived, the room was already full, and the president was explaining some point of difficulty which had arisen at their last assembling, and which had been referred to his decision.

When this matter was adjusted, pipes and beer were placed upon the tables, and a song was sung, while they imbibed, with the true German spirit, from the brimming mugs. As soon as the song was finished, the pipes were lighted, and the members of the club quitted puffed nebulous masses of smoke to the ceiling, as they sat waiting for the disputants in the approaching controversy to open the debate.

Presently a man from the remotest corner of the room arose, and addressing himself by his first name, and commenced to speak.

His figure was slight and tall, his eyes and hair as black as a raven's wings, and his features delicate and feminine. He began in a tone of voice so low as at first to be hardly audible, but as he proceeded his accents became louder, and he displayed a voice of unsurpassed mellowness and richness.

As he arose, Carl Switzer arrested the mug of beer which he was raising to his lips, and looked earnestly at the speaker, as if to assure himself that his eyes were not deceiving him. No, he saw before him Amelie's poetical gardener, and the delicate looking proprietor of the coach and four.

One of Carl's companions, observing his emotion and attributing it to a wrong cause, said:

"Never fear him, Carl; his creed is as untenable as his acts are hypocritical."

"Not that," replied the student. "I am not afraid. Would that I could fathom the mysteries of his actions as easily as I can expose the sophistries of his arguments."

Just then, Carl saw Orville enter the door, and assume a position where he could view the speaker, without being particularly conspicuous, and he felt more at ease.

The so-called gardener, as he warmed with his subject, gradually assumed a style of eloquence so fervid, and so apparently heartfelt, that he carried with him the sympathies of his auditors, notwithstanding every word he uttered was at war with their convictions. His sentiments were mainly in conflict with that spirit of liberty, which is inherent in every German breast, and which needs but the addition of a spark to rouse the fire of enthusiasm, which is unquenchable and irresistible. But notwithstanding the unpopularity of his theories, such was his eloquence of tone and of action, that he bore with him, on the full tide of his matchless oratory, the hearts of each one of his listeners, and when he finally ceased his rant, he was greeted with an outburst of enthusiastic applause which shook the ceiling, and made the little club-room ring again.

Scarcely was he seated, when Carl arose. In his deep and manly voice, he began to recapitulate the arguments of his opponent. Clearly and concisely he laid them down, directing them to all the meretricious ornaments of rhetoric, which had clouded their meaning and concealed their sophistry. As soon as he had stated them distinctly, and exhibited them in their proper light, he began to answer them. He made no attempt, by means of vehement appeals and sentimental declamation, to enlist the feelings of his auditors, before he had convinced their understanding; but he subjected each argument to the rules of fair induction, and demolished each position by exposing its logical fallacy. He had nearly completed this logical exposition of his adversary's quibbles, and was about to make an appeal to their hearts in favor of the principle of liberty which his speech had so grossly outraged, when, to his dismay, he perceived that his antagonist had left the room. As the same moment he observed that Orville's place was vacant. Not wishing to close abruptly, however, he was about to proceed, when a pistol shot from the street re-echoed through the room. Dashing his pipe on the table before him, he rushed to the door and into the street. Directly before the building was presented a scene which the street lamps rendered very discernible.

A coach, with four horses attached, was forcibly stopped by Orville, who firmly grasped the leaders by the bridle. His hat was laying at his feet, and his hair fell in disheveled masses about his face. The footmen were shivering with terror, and the man in the dicky appeared to be the only one who preserved presence of mind. At the open window of the carriage appeared the form of a man in a sloeched hat, with a pistol in his hand. As Carl appeared at the door, the pistol was discharged at Orville, but without effect.

Rushing up to the carriage window, the young student seized the rascal by the throat, and drew him, by main strength, through it. Then, holding his face to the light, he discovered Amelie's gardener—the delicate proprietor of the coach and four—his adversary of the club-room! and, inspired by a feeling of intense disgust, he hurled him to the earth, and indignantly placed his heavy foot upon his bosom.

Scarcely had he completed this manifestation of his contempt, when a voice of agony from the coach exclaimed:

"Carl, Orville—save me, save me—for the love of Heaven!"

"I am here to rescue you," said Carl, and opening the carriage door, he bore his fainting sister from the vehicle. As he did so, he was met by the villain whom he had prostrated to the earth.

"Hope not thus to conquer me in single combat, as you have done in debate," he shouted; "I am here to save you, the invincible in love, argument, and war!"

"Defend yourself, arrogant pretender," said Carl, drawing, and releasing his sister into the hands of the students, who now began to press round.

The religious belief of the fourteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and the evidence afforded in their writings, may be summed up as follows:

Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Zachary Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson, Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Fillmore, were Unitarians; Jackson and Polk were Presbyterians; Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; and President Pierce is a Unitarian Congregationalist.—Boston Transcript.

At that moment a shot, from the man in the dicky, struck the miserable Lavois in the breast and he fell, staggering backwards, in one act of drawing his weapon.

All the crowd gazed in astonishment in the direction in which the deadly messenger had come, and perceived Orville dragging Kreutz from the box.

As soon as he had reached the ground, Carl strode up to his father's gardener, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed:

"Caitiff,—explain instantly your share in this villainous transaction."

"I will," said Kreutz, humbly.

The students formed a circle, and Carl and his sister, Orville and Kreutz, in the centre. The street lamps shone brilliantly, lighting up the dark figures. It was a singular and picturesque spectacle.

"The other day," began Kreutz, "as I was working in my master's garden, this man," pointing to the corpse before him, "entered in the guise of a gardener, inquired kindly of my soft-spoken hypocrisy into my confidence, learned my affection for my master's daughter, and determined to make use of it for his own base purposes. Under the pretence of favoring my suit, he arranged with me a plan for carrying off Amelie, as if she were to be mine, instead of his. He agreed to furnish a coach, if I would hand her driving it. I readily assented. I was to call for the coach this evening, at the stand, and in order that I might procure the proper one, as he professed—that is, his own,—he drove past my master's house this afternoon, for the purpose of showing it to me. I was to procure the coach and drive down to my master's house, where he was to have everything ready for abducting Amelie. I did so. Amelie was placed in the coach, and I took the street which conducted to the Berlin road—Berlin was our place of destination. When I had reached this point, somebody seized the leaders. Instantly a pistol was fired through the window, and I saw the hat of the man at the horses' heads fall to the ground. You know the rest. Meinher Orville had just explained to me Lavois's duplicity, and how he had warned him against me, when by an unexpected impulse, I seized my pistol and shot the traitor dead. I am at your mercy!"

It is needless to say that after this honest explanation of his position, Kreutz was easily pardoned. The next day Orville de Kozinstadt avowed his attachment to Amelie, and laid at her feet his rank and his estates. Carl became a distinguished ornament to his country, as a scholar and philosopher. Kreutz survived his disappointment and continued long to cultivate the gardens of his worthy master. Old Marc is long since dead; while he lived his gardens were an ornament to Göttingen. Had he survived to see the present ruinous condition of his once beautiful grounds, it would have broken his heart.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

SING.

Ah, can't thou think that time has fled
The light affections round me flung?
No, years have passed, but round my soul
It still has fondly, wisely clung.

My former days and feelings were down—
The influence of a sunny hour;
But still my love has stronger grown,
Like ivy round some mouldering tower.

There is a change that all must feel,
A change the world will ever make;
The visions that so fondly steal
Around the heart will surely break.

But do not say that Time has wrought
A change within a heart like mine—
Love clings to the unchangeable thought,
And thenceforth is desert thy shrine.

My love is not the trembling light
That falls upon some sunset stream,
To sleep while all is beauty bright,
And then withdraw its silvery beam;

Then do not think, now fate has met
The seal of misery on my lot,
That I can all the past forget,
For thou canst never be forgot.

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are these—"The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160; mean depth 988 feet; elevation 627 feet; area 32,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles; its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 537 feet; area 30,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 300 feet; elevation 574 feet; area 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation 555 feet; area 6000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; area 6000 square miles. The total length of all five is 1585 miles, covering an area altogether of upwards of 90,000 square miles.—International Journal.

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

The religious belief of the fourteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and the evidence afforded in their writings, may be summed up as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Zachary Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson, Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Fillmore, were Unitarians; Jackson and Polk were Presbyterians; Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; and President Pierce is a Unitarian Congregationalist.—Boston Transcript.

MAN BORN TO LABOR.

Man was born to labor, and is so organized that he cannot be happy or healthy without some steady occupation. And if labor and occupation are necessary to the healthy state, how much more necessary must they be to a mind diseased? Half the crimes committed against society originated with men not knowing how to employ their faculties in some useful pursuit. Solitary confinement cannot remedy the evil, and leaves the convict after he has served his time, as helpless as before.—Auburn Gazette.

The most resplendent ornament of man, is judgment; here is the perfection of his human reason; here is the utmost power of reason joined with knowledge.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

BY UNCLE TORY.

It is just twenty years since Ezekiel Girt left the granite hills of his native State, where from his tenderest years he had been employed in sewing and mowing and plowing "side hills," so steep that they had to employ a special breed of oxen, with the off-hill half a foot shorter than the near ones, and came down to New York with the determination to "make his tarmal fortune." He now has a town house among the upper ten, with a marble boy in front, sporting Croton, where he gives balls that rival Mrs. Popham's, and has a country seat at Newport that cost him eighty thousand dollars. It was he who last season drove a four-hand of blood bays, and it was his liveries, blue and silver, with aquilets that made such a sensation in Broadway week before last. Last winter he went to Paris, where he gave such tearing balls, and had such splendid turnouts, that Louis Napoleon insinuated that if he couldn't live in a quieter style he had better return to his native land. He now talks of building a steam yacht, to eclipse the North Star, to be named after himself, and to wait his fame from the shores of the Baltic to the waters of Japan.

The foundation of his fortune was laid in a little ready-made clothing shop. Fearing not the competition of the Israelites, he established himself in Chatham Street, the very focus of the Hebrew camp. There he would stand at his shop door, soliciting, or rather commanding, custom; his sharp nose and ferret eyes contrasting with the hooked beaks and jet-black curls of his rivals. It was very difficult to pass his door. Stories were rife of pedestrians bodily seized upon by this commercial vulture, carried into the interior of his eyrie by force of arms, and compelled to change their raiment from head to "oot" in his dwelling. It was even reported that an elderly Quaker, soberly attired in a drab broad-brim, with a cinnamon-colored surcoat reaching to his heels, and indigo cordons of ample width, was waylaid and abducted by this human spider, and turned into the street again so metamorphosed that his own mother would never have known him, inasmuch as the poor friend had been forced to accept a second-hand Leary hat, an sprigged topknot, a chest coat with gilt buttons, spring-bottomed black doekings, varnished pumps, and any amount of copper cable chain suspended round his neck. The next day, a body thus attired was found floating in the East River. It is by no means certain that it was the mortal remains of the Quaker, since the dress was that of a class and not of an individual; but if it were that of the Quaker, may we not suppose that he committed suicide from remorse at having so violated the rigid proprieties of his order? and if so, does not more than one half of the "deep damnation of his taking off" rest on the damnation we not say the fend?—who tempted him to it? But what cared Ezekiel Girt? His business was to "look out for number one," and he did it most effectively.

One day a cadaverous-looking young man tottered into Ezekiel's parlour for breath, and motioned for a seat. An arm-chair was brought him, and he instantly sank into it, his hollow eyes and sunken cheek, together with the peculiar pallor of his countenance, betokening approaching dissolution.

"Garments, sir? Coat, sir? Anything you like. Shu't go out of my shop without being suited—in color, cut, fit and price,—what'll you have?" said Ezekiel, bustling up.

The stranger made no reply; he merely waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Wants a coat—a black one? Bring a black coat, Jim. Number thirty-five will fit him—superfine. Here you are, sir."

The clerk brought the garment, and Ezekiel held it up for the stranger's inspection. Alas! he scarcely looked at it.

"Stand him up, Jim," cried the trader, anxiously. "You take hold of that side—I'll help him on this. Off with that coat! Now for the new one. Easy, Jim! There, sir! Fit as you like a book. Sit him down, Jim."

Attired in his new garment, the stranger sank back into the chair to rise no more. He had died in a fit. A card in the unfortunate man's pocket disclosed his name and address. His friends came for the remains, and in due time Mr. Ezekiel Girt received from the administrator, on presentation of his bill, thirty dollars for "one superfine fashionably-made black dress coat." The heir wore it at the funeral!

The occurrence was noted as follows in all the papers—"Ezekiel Girt paying for the paragon!"

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE. We regret to learn that our worthy townsman, Mr. Garrett Brown, died suddenly yesterday while trying on a new coat, at the shop of Mr. Ezekiel Girt, No. 15, Chatham Street. Alas! this was a large and fashionable assortment of ready-made clothing of the best quality at reasonable prices; also broadcloths, German, French, English and American; vestings, cassimere, doekings; also, every article customary in the gentlemen's furnishing line. Clothes made to order at the shortest notice. Terms, cash. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Who shall say, after reading the above, that Ezekiel did not possess a peculiar faculty for "looking out for number one?"

LIFE WITHOUT NOURISHMENT.

In ordinary cases, human life may be preserved from six to eight days only, without food or nourishment. Sometimes, however, remarkable cases occur where life is retained for a much longer period. The Medical Essay, a remarkable journal of reliable character, published in Edinburgh, mentions the case of a young lady who was unable to swallow any food for a period of fifty-four days. Alas! this extraordinary account is related, but upon what authority we know not, of a man who, on recovering from fever, had such a dislike to food of all kinds, that for eighteen years he refused to swallow anything but water.—Boston Journal.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
I SHALL MEET THEE AGAIN.

BY JULIUS C. CORVINE.

I shall meet thee again: O, could I but see
Through the veil of mortality meeting my sight,
My mind, all untroubled, would wander with thee,
O'er the realm of the pure, in a world of delight.
No more to reflect on the dead, buried past—
No more to lament for the lost, far away—
But to live and not need in gloom that cast
A halo divine round the stars of day.

I shall meet thee again! Though sad was the hour
When thy form, in its youth, was consigned to the
tomb;
Thine a thought, to my heart of mysterious power
To afford a bright ray in the midst of its gloom;
For I know that the grave, with the mold and the worm,
Can never enchain the free spirit to earth;
It shall grow and earth the pure, life-giving germ,
Beyond the bright stars in the home of the birth.

I shall meet thee again! When the veil that now darkens
My spirit's glad vision shall reach its end;
For a voice unto which I instinctively hark,
Calls up through the portals of better day,
I shall meet thee again! O, the joy of that meeting,
In a world where the radiant never die;
Where the soul never mourns over joys that are fleeting,
I shall meet thee again, in thy home in the sky!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HARRY PERCY HOWARD.

BY H. V. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

A union which the equality of our family and riches
seemed to point out.
Ah! had I called the Quince, have we got quince too in the
house?—Don Quixote.

"And therefore, provided it meets with your
approbation, I shall think it advisable that the
young couple enter into the bonds of matrimony
as soon as possible." Eh, what!—what's this!"
and the old gentleman rubbed his spectacles,
and re-read the last sentence that had met his
eye in the open letter before him.

Mr. James Bennett, the gentleman in question,
was, portly, plain complexioned, and bald-
headed, nearly fifty years of age, and a fine
specimen of the old school. A native of Boston,
he had always resided in that city, and by the
wine trade had amassed a large fortune; the
sole heir to this wealth was his nephew, Henry
Percy Howard, a handsome, adventurous, care-
less youth of seventeen, universally spoiled by
every one of his relatives and friends. Mr. Ben-
nett had a partner, resident at Rio Janeiro—a
Spanish creole, and a widower with one child,
the Donna Isidora, who had reached the age of
nearly twelve years at the opening of this story.
The first and only visit which Mr. Bennett had
made Don Pedro d'Estivan was on the occasion
of the infant Isidora's christening, and it seemed
but the other day. What then was the wor-
thy gentleman's surprise at the contents of his
partner's last letter, in which he stated that be-
ing in feeble health and declining years, it was
his earnest desire that the union so long agreed
upon, between his daughter and his nephew,
should take place without delay, adding that
the youth of both the parties need be no ob-
jection, as after the ceremony Harry could re-
turn to pursue his education, and at a suitable
age claim his bride.

From the birth of Don Pedro's daughter, it
had been agreed that she should wed Mr. Ben-
nett's nephew, who was an orphan from his in-
fancy, but to whom his uncle had supplied a fa-
ther's place. The young people were aware of
this fact, and though never questioning the cer-
tainty of its occurring at some future period, had
always thought of it vaguely, like any other
event in the natural course of things that would
happen sometime, nobody having especially
therefore when Harry was told that his pres-
ence was requested in the library, he quietly
laid down his book and repaired thither; and
when told that arrangements would be made for
his immediate departure for Rio Janeiro, to
marry Donna Isidora d'Estivan, though certainly
some what surprised, he respectfully acquiesced,
quietly went back to his room, and as quietly
proceeded to finish demonstrating the problem
just where he had left off on being interrupted.

Now, although aware of the existence of
Donna Isidora, and their understood engage-
ment, it so happened that Percy did not know
her age; his uncle had always spoken of the
young lady without regard to that particular,
and though his nephew presumed himself to be
her senior, he did not suppose that there was
more than a slight difference. Accordingly, in
the supper-table that evening, Percy broke the
silence by saying:

"I believe, uncle James, that notwithstanding
our somewhat lengthy engagement, I am as
yet ignorant of the exact age of my intended
bride."

"Let me see. Ah—yes,—the fact is, Percy,
she is rather a juvenile bride, and will conse-
quently make rather a juvenile wife, as it is
about twelve years since I attended her christen-
ing, at which time she had obtained the mature
age of six weeks!"

"Do you mean to say that I am to marry a
child of that age, uncle James?"

A queer smile played upon the elder gentle-
man's lips, as he replied:

"One would hardly think the bridegroom so
venerable but that his betrothed might resort to
his own words. But, of course, you will return
and pursue your studies, and when your wife
shall arrive at her eighteenth year, she may be
claimed—you will then be twenty-three, and
probably by that time will not be sorry to settle
down to a handsome plantation and sundry
money-bags, to say nothing of a pretty, charm-
ing wife, perhaps."

"I wonder if she is pretty?" Percy uncon-
sciously ejaculated.

"On this point I cannot inform you; but
you'll soon find out, my boy. I have seen her
to be sure, but really, as all babies strikingly
resemble each other, I am not much the wiser as
to her present looks."

In the course of three weeks, Mr. Bennett
and Harry embarked for Rio Janeiro, and arrived

without any accident at the landing, where Don
Pedro awaited them. Time had changed the
latter so much that his partner did not recognize
him at first, and ill health had given him such a
yellow, wrinkled countenance, that Harry in-
wardly hoped his daughter resembled him as
slightly as possible, the more so that he per-
ceived several slight indications of extreme
haughtiness in his future father-in-law's man-
ner. A most singular, massive conformation, drawn
by four cream-colored horses, was in waiting, of so
clumsy a construction, and so overloaded with
ornament, that the little delicate-limbed animals
seemed swallowed up by a monstrous, yellow
dragon. The unfortunate horses were still far-
ther distressed by enormous, bungling harnesses,
thickly plated, and saddle cloths—for there
were two positions—sweeping to the ground,
with tined fringes.

The coachman and footmen were negroes,
habited in a desperate attempt at livery, which
consisted of broad-brimmed straw hats, with
gold bands, and a bunch of parti-colored feath-
ers, old, faded, swallow-tailed coats, that reached
below the knees, made of red material faced
with yellow, and although the day was exces-
sively hot, buttoned tight to hide the absence of
a vest; blue and white striped cotton pants-
loons, originally, but now cut short as a substitute
for breeches, and tied to the knee with
bunches of variegated ribbons. The woolly
heads of all these functionaries were powdered,
and each bore a very red-looking applelike
bosquet, which seemed to embarrass him con-
siderably. All this accumulation of glory, in
each and every instance, was supported on two
bare, black legs and feet, which, owing to the
unnatural constraint imposed upon all motion
by the tight, novel garments, appeared to be
continually in the owner's way. As Percy sur-
veyed them, he involuntarily thought of the in-
sane Nabuchadnezzar's dream, which rejoiced
in a golden head, but rapidly declined in splen-
dor as the continuations came in view. They
all stood in a line, bowing with tremendous car-
netness, and Percy, who contrived to get a back
view of them during the performance, could
compare them to nothing but a row of cranes in
hats and coats. The general appearance of
everything struck him in such a ludicrous light,
that he restrained a violent fit of laughter with
the greatest difficulty. But the evident feeling
of conscious importance and dignity displayed
by Don Pedro and his auxiliaries, together with
the loud acclamations of the ragged children,
whom they passed on the road which led to the
summer residence of their host, convinced the
young gentleman that however ridiculous the
equipage was in his eyes, by the residents of the
place it was a highly venerated and admired
circumstance.

Matters, however, began to assume a better
aspect on reaching Don Pedro's dwelling. A
high, handsome stone wall enclosed an immense
thick-walled park, and at the entrance were
two stone pillars, surmounted by a grinning
dragon, holding a shield with the family arms
cut upon it. A long winding avenue led to the
house, and the walls of the park were high, and
gay, striped awnings projecting from the
windows. It was surrounded by shrubbery, and
there was a depth in the cool, green shade that
was very agreeable after the long dusty road.
They were received by the sister of their host,
a widow, who had kept his house ever since his
wife's death, and who was introduced to Senor
Guzman. She was tall, sharp-featured, and
on the wrong side of forty, but very dignified,
and self-satisfied. After a few minutes' conver-
sation, Don Pedro inquired for his daughter, but
with a visibly heightened color, and much em-
barrassment Donna Dorothea replied that a violent
headache detained her from joining them. Harry
was considerably disappointed, as the quietness
was raised to behold the remainder of this inter-
esting household, but he turned to the window
and amused himself with watching the proceed-
ings in the patio, or courtyard.

There was evidently a jubilee of some sort
going on, and Percy surveyed with eagerness
this sample of a class, hitherto unknown to him.
There were nearly a dozen negroes assembled,
among which he recognized his quarters, and
acquaintances, the footmen, coaches and pos-
sibly, still habited in their finery, and capering
vigorously to the discordant sounds of a horn,
blown by an obese negro, with a scanty portion
of clothing, and who sat squatted in a corner
like a huge ball, his cheeks inflated, and his
eyes as round and nearly as large as a saucer.
By his side stood a little boy, clothed still more
scarcely, playing on a conch-shell, which, with fur-
ious zeal, he whirled about his head from time
to time, accompanying this performance with fan-
tastic motions of the feet and head, thrusts of
the tongue, and blinking of the eyes. Seven or
eight negroes sat in a circle, watching with au-
dible admiration the Terpsichorean feats of a
couple in their midst. A burly slave, dressed
in a short frock tied around the waist, was
dancing something resembling the polka, only
infinitely more stormy, with a negress of such
vast proportions, that Percy could suppose her
nothing else than the cook, and whose apparel
consisted of a brilliant yellow dress, with a bright
green flounce, reaching a little below the knee,
a turban of scarlet cloth, and a large bunch of
blue feathers.

The affected grace of this couple, especially
the woman, who frequently tossed her head on
one side like a black, woolly ball, and held her
skirt to one side with a thumb and forefinger,
was perfectly overbearing to Percy; but his
mirth reached its climax, when a strange-looking
creature bounded into the yard and com-
menced a series of tope-like gyrations, which
entirely threw into the shade every previous
evolution.

This singular being was not tall, but quite
slender, and was habited in a trailing red blank-
et; her raven and Indian-like straight hair
in disheveled tresses to her feet, and a fantastic
crown of enormously high peacock feathers.
Her maniac evolutions were accompanied by a
running series of war-whoops, and when at last
she finished a magnificent pirouette, Percy, in
an agony of laughter, called out:

"O, uncle James, do come and look at this
ludicrous creature!"

A general rush ensued, but no sooner did
Donna Dorothea's glance light upon the ridiculous
object, than with a faint scream she rushed from
the room; at the same time Don Pedro directed
the attention of his guests to a cabinet of cari-
catures at the foot end of the apartment.
Without any apparent reason, an awkward re-
straint fell upon all three, and Donna Dorothea's
entrance did not dissipate it, although she chattered
incessantly.

The next day Harry was informed that the
ceremony would take place the following morn-
ing, as his studies required his immediate return
to Boston. Accordingly the chapel, which had
joined the house, was decorated with much
splendor, and at a few minutes to the appointed
hour, the bridegroom and his party were assem-
bled.

Just as the clock struck, a scuffle was heard in
the passage, which, mingled with screams of
rage, drew nearer, and Harry turning to discover
the cause, beheld his bride for the first time. A
thin, sharp-featured, sallow, ugly-tempered look-
ing girl, dressed in a white satin, with a forest
of deep blonde lace trimming, her long, swarthy
neck and arms loaded with ornaments, and her
long, lank hair, which had been elaborately
braided, now torn down in the struggle, while the
orange flower wreath was crushed and torn, and
a magnificent veil dragged off her head and
rent in several places, was being dragged forcibly
towards the altar.

With horror, Harry perceived the goblin of
the courtyard and his betrothed were one and
the same! He looked on, feeling that some
awful nightmare had possession of him, and
when the frantic creature threw herself prostrate
on the marble pavement, screaming in harsh,
wiry tones, "I want! I want! Let me alone,
or I'll tear your eyes out!" Harry bent his head
on the altar railing with a groan; but his uncle
whispered:

"Harry—Harry, my boy! restrain yourself—
it is too late now for us to recede."
At this instant the wry tone again exclaimed,
"I want be married! Never—never!"

A few minutes of expostulation on the part of
her father followed, to which she replied:

"You needn't try to coax me into any prom-
ise. Well, which is he? Why don't you tell
me where he is?"

By this time, all the groups were in proper
order, and taking her by the hand, Don Pedro
led her to Harry's side, uttering a formal intro-
duction. Isidora raised her fierce black eyes,
and gave a defiant, prolonged stare, so that
Percy, who was not at all, as yet, so much
on the altar railing with a groan; but his uncle
whispered:

"Well, which is he? Why don't you tell
me where he is?"

This speech was hailed with delight by her re-
lations, and Donna Dorothea officiously began to
make movements for putting the bride's dress in
better order; but with an angry, peevish scream,
Isidora exclaimed:

"Let me alone! I won't speak another
word! I won't do a thing if you touch me!"

The ceremony now began, and as they knelt
together, the words of the service fell on Harry's
ears unheeded; he was contemplating with de-
spair the total ensemble of his ugly bride. Not a
detail escaped him; the odd defects were her
too prominent, apparently satisfied with her sur-
vey, the young lady turned quickly around to
the priest, and abruptly said:

"As Harry gazed, he responded mechanically;
but when he repeated the clause 'to love, cher-
ish and protect,' at the word 'love,' Isidora again
fixed her eyes upon him, and doubtless read
in his own overwheating disgust and abhor-
rence, confirmed to a gaze, while a fearful, in-
stinctive expression came across her dilated pa-
pils, which thrilled and spell-bound her bride-
groom. It haunted him for years; sometimes it
came in his dreams, and he would wake with a
fit of agony on his lips.

With a fierce light burning in her eyes, and a
fire-spot on her cheek, she earnestly made her
responses; but when at the close of the cere-
mony, Percy turned to look at his bride, she
was, as before, but her teeth were white and even,
yet savage, as if they belonged to some carniv-
orous animal.

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fit of agony on his lips.

CHAPTER II.

"A meteor flashed athwart his sight—
An instant lit the verge of night.
He felt the stars the stars of heaven—
Chaotic darkness reigns instead."

Let us skip over the events of the following
three years—the war is at an end, and among
the acquaintances Harry Howard had formed
during this time, were two ladies—sister and
niece—both charming in the extreme. The elder,
Donna Estrella Lescuma, was a dashing widow
of thirty—yes, she owned to the fact—and the
niece, Donna Hermione d'Castellan, was a per-
fect galaxy of charms. She was exquisitely
proportioned, and delicately slender, with soft,
dark waving hair, and deep liquid eyes, with the
gentle radiance of a starry winter's night; a
light, clear, brunette complexion, and a most
lovely mouth. There was a young grace in
every motion, and at times a sweet archness in
her manner. In short, she realized the form
called up by the lines:

"Pretty and witty, wild and yet gentle."

The first time Harry saw Donna Hermione,
was at the theatre. He was standing in the pit
during the performance of an extravagant dance,
performed by a young woman in calceñas co-
stume, with exaggerated flounces, when turning
away in weariness and disapprobation, he en-
countered a lovely, youthful face, as fresh and
pure as the waxen candles in the banquet hall.
Her dress, unlike that of any other lady
present, was very simple—a snowy, cloud-like
muslin, with a few satin ribbons, and a little
lace, not blonde; a few pearls twined in the soft
folds of her hair, and a circlet of the same gems
around her swan-like neck, were her sole orna-
ments. The lady by her side was dressed nearly
as simple, yet with rich dark colors that har-
monized well with her darker complexion and
condition.

As Percy glanced upward, he had caught her
gaze fixed upon him, and he fancied a bright
flash followed the averted eyes. Several times
in the course of the evening those beautiful orbs
were hastily withdrawn, and although delighted,
he was not surprised—for, although by no means
conceited, Percy could not affect ignorance of
the fact, that he was the lion of the day, an act
of unusual bravery having won him the title of
lieutenant. As he gazed upon her lovely coun-
tenance, he became aware that his heart, until
then untouched, had now fled, and an icy chill
shot over him as he remembered what he was—
a married man!

The form and face of his bride rose up in fan-
cy between himself and this beautiful creature,
with a lowering, malignant scowl of those fear-
fully piercing dark eyes, and in bitterness of
spirit cursed the hour of his birth. It was a
hard thing to endure, and he resolved to throw
off the blighted yoke—to ignore the existence of
Isidora, and make the acquaintance of this lady.
This was no hard matter, as a mutual friend
quickly accomplished an introduction, and soon
Percy was chatting with the lively, delicate wit
and her gentle, retiring niece. The position
of the two ladies had been given previously by
a friend, and was as follows:

Donna Estrella Lescuma was in possession of a
large fortune, left her by her husband, much the
senior, and she had obstinately refused to listen
to all the numerous suitors that besieged her in
the five years following his death. Being
somewhat lonely at the head of an extensive es-
tablishment, she had adopted a niece of her hus-
band's, and who seemed as thoroughly hard-
hearted and deaf to suitors as her aunt, there-
fore when she was observed to utter timid re-
plies beyond monosyllables occasionally, and
from time to time smile faintly and shyly at
him, sundry guests were astonished—they had
never looked at them! So they twined their
moustaches, and looked exceedingly belligerent,
all of which Percy observed with the most
charming nonchalance. The evening's conver-
sation led to an invitation on the part of Donna
Estrella, for Percy to call some morning, which
the young lieutenant immediately acted upon.

Harry was now twenty-two, and looked for-
ward to the next year with dread. He regarded
the twelve months that intervened as so many
years for a dying man, and resolved that some-
thing must "turn up" meanwhile, the more
earnestly to be desired since he had yielded
hopelessly to the irresistible influence of Donna
Hermione, who, in common with his other ac-
quaintances, was totally ignorant of the exist-
ence of a Mrs. Howard. Nothing definite had
passed between the young couple, but Hermione
frequently met Percy's eyes when they breathed
adoption plainest language, and she could have
sworn it; and Percy as frequently saw gleaming
in the rich soft tresses of his lady-love, flowers
he had that morning presented. Donna Estrella
seemed well pleased, and even gave Percy every
opportunity to declare his sentiments—yet he
kept silence. But at length the time came.
A large number of invitations were issued for a
fancy ball to be held at the house of Don Jose
d'Alvarez, and among the number included were
Percy and Donna Hermione.

The evening in question arrived, and in the
costume of a Highlander, and personating "War-
rily," Percy repaired to the gay scene. He was
admirably fitted, in face and figure, for the char-
acter represented, and the garments themselves
seemed so completely at home on their wearer,
that it was difficult to believe the *lone, life-like*,
breathing embodiment of Scott's creation did
not stand before you. There were the eagle
eyes, the sunny smile, the bright chestnut hair,
and the soft fascination of manners. Our hero
had not sought amid the crowd long, ere his eye
lightened up, and the color of his cheek deep-
ened. At the upper end of the *salon* stood the
Donna Hermione, and on either side, her aunt
and an attendant maiden. She was dressed in
a floating robe of deep blue gauze, with a veil of
the same material enveloping her whole figure
as with a mist, and thickly spangled with stars.
Through this haze sparkled a girle of flashing
gems, and resting on the soft waves of her hair,
was a broad circlet of opals, with a large cres-
cent of pearls on its front. Donna Estrella was
habited as a gipsy queen, which admirably be-
came her style of beauty.

Percy advanced to the ladies and requested
the pleasure of dancing the quadrille, which
was then forming, with Donna Hermione. Per-
mission being readily accorded, that set and sev-
eral succeeding ones were entered into with
spirit on both sides, after which a promenade on
the piazza, which ran around the house, was pro-
posed. The portico was filled with perfume, for
the lattice overhead was covered with creeping
plants, which falling gracefully over the edges,
formed a natural wall to the side next the gar-
den. Here the young couple paced up and down
without interruption, for the rest of the merry
party were yet dancing within, and while Percy
in passing the open windows could see distinctly
what was taking place in the hall by the brilliant
chandeliers, he and his companion were invisible
in the leafy walk, lit only by the moonlight which
quivered on the floor with the movements of the
boughs.

As last the two ceased in their promenade by
an opening in the vines at the end of the veran-
dah, and stood gazing silently in the garden be-
low. Presently Percy took within his own the
hand that rested on his arm. Donna Hermione
turned her face to him, and their glances met.
Percy now lost no time, but made open, full con-
fession of his sentiments, adding at the conclu-
sion: "But you must know there is first one ob-
stacle to be surmounted before I may call you
mine."

Donna Hermione looked the inquiry she did
not speak.
"As you are aware," resumed Percy, "I have
been brought up and educated by an uncle, who
has supplied a father's place to me. He had
a partner, who resided in Rio Janeiro, and when
I had attained the age of five years, Providence
saw fit to bless him with a daughter—the Donna
Isidora. It was agreed between my uncle and
himself, that she should become my wife at a
suitable age. She had attained her twentieth year,
I myself seventeen, when Don Pedro d'Estivan
the young lady's father, falling into ill health, it
was thought desirable that the ceremony should
be performed without loss of time. Accordingly,
in company with my uncle, I sailed for Rio Ja-
neiro. I will not shock you by detailing the
horrible agonies of my bride, or the disgusting
scene that occurred even at the altar. I saw her
once—would to Heaven I might never see her
again!"

"Don Enrique,"—for Percy was called so by
his Spanish friends,—Don Enrique, how dare
you insult me by this avowal of love when your
hand is another's?"

"Stay! Listen to me, Donna Hermione. I
wedded her, it is true, but our religious be-
liefs, another ceremony—a Protestant min-
ister is required to make the marriage legal;
that was deferred till some future day, thank
God! I left Rio Janeiro immediately, and in
one year I shall be expected to claim her—"

"But what is this to me?"

"What? I will tell her my feelings, and she
will not, cannot seek to bind to her side a man
whose whole heart is filled with love for another,
and leading to himself."

"No, Percy!—this must not be. She has a
claim upon you, and I know by my own heart it
would be death to lose you after five long an-
xious years of hope and expectation."

"Hermione, you do not understand her coarse,
feminine nature. No doubt she will herself re-
luctantly in the release, for she was dragged by main
force to the altar; her eyes had the glare of a
wild animal's!" and Percy shuddered at the
frightful recollection.

"O, Hermione! say that
you love me—that you will be mine!"

Donna Hermione's hand was clasped in his,
and the moon shone full upon them. Percy was
bending slightly forward to the lovely, delicate
girl by his side. Hermione turned to him, raised
her eyes, and looked up into his face with such
an expression! So sad, so earnest, so loving;
it bespoke the entire devotion of a true woman's heart.

"Percy, I am a despised, cast-off wife!"

Her lips closed, still that gaze, more despair-
ing, more devoted, if possible, but otherwise not
a muscle changed.

For an instant, Percy remained spell-bound;
then with a groan he sank down upon the rail-
ing, and uttered a faint, feeble cry.

"Mark me, Percy. An outcast from my hus-
band's heart, yet for no fault of mine."

"Then all is right!" eagerly, almost joyously
exclaimed Percy. "He has injured you. I will
seek him out, and his life shall be the forfeit!"

"Percy, were he even dead, I could not be
young; there would be a greater obstacle still,
raised up from his lifeless body!"

"And that?"

"I could not marry his murderer!"

"Do you love him, Donna Hermione?" asked
Percy, with a dark flush and hurried breath.

"Have I been trifled with?"

"There was a terrible significance in his tones."

"Percy Howard, I do and ever shall love you
as man seldom is loved! Let that suffice—fare-
well to stay!" exclaimed Percy, rising; but she
was gone.

Eagerly he searched the crowded saloons—the
aunt and niece had both left; and when Harry
sought the villa next morning, he was informed
that neither of the ladies had returned from Don
Jose d'Alvarez's fête, but had departed, one
knowing nothing, a note having been found writ-
ten by Donna Estrella, saying it was unavailing when
she should return, but making no mention whither
she had gone.

CHAPTER III.

"All's well that ends well."

Beffled and disappointed, after a long and
unsuccessful search for the whereabouts of Donna
Hermione, Percy returned to his native city.
He was warmly received by his uncle and all his
numerous friends; but the former soon noticed
the evident dejection of his nephew, and inquired
the cause. With a shrug of the shoulders,
Percy exclaimed:

"Ugh! must I then bite this bitter apple?"
Mr. Bennett at once comprehended his mean-
ing, and replied:

"I fear you must; but remember, the more you hesitate the better it will become, as I do not suppose any will improve its qualities. She is so young; you may expect an alteration for the better."

"Such hideous ugliness should excuse any man from wedding her!" Percy impatiently exclaimed. Percy, suddenly breaking a short silence.

"Why, hey-day! what's the matter now? She was just as ugly five years ago, but you did not then appear so frantic. Come, come, have not been so thoughtless as to allow your heart to become captured by some fair Mexican senorita?" exclaimed the uncle.

"I must plead guilty; but her conduct puzzles me. She certainly was not adverse to me at first; but when I explained my situation to her—where I off the start, confessed her entire devotion to me, and then coolly informed me that the obstacle was double-headed—she was married as well as myself! And notwithstanding I most obligingly offered to shoot the gentleman, and obtain a divorce from my wife, she actually refused, saying she could not wed a murderer! Spanish women are not generally so squamous!" and Percy passed for the night.

"Since by your own confession you cannot marry her, why do you object to Donna Isidora? If you are really in love with the Mexican lady, it should be an indifferent matter whom you take."

"Because, if I must be miserable, there is no necessity for my being more so than is absolutely essential. I suppose you recollect that Donna Isidora was literally dragged to the altar."

"Certainly; but I see no escape. I believe Isidora's health is not the strongest; but I have no knowing what may happen. At all events, let us not borrow trouble."

But three months more remained before Percy must claim his bride, when a letter arrived from Rio Janeiro announcing the death of Don Pedro, and a request for the immediate presence of Mr. Brent and Percy. They instantly made preparations for departure, and too soon for Percy's wishes, the good ship entered the harbor of Rio Janeiro. As they entered the courtyard of the house, a visible glow pervaded everything, but it suited Harry better than anything more lively. Donna Isidora was confined to her chamber by a violent illness, and to Percy's polite request for an interview, replied that she had rather not see any one but her attendants for the present; but would receive any message or writing.

Percy wrote a brief note which sounded cool even to his ears, inquiring if it was the Donna Isidora's wish that the marriage should be confirmed, adding that if it was repugnant to her feelings, he would withdraw all claim to her hand; and apologized by saying as it was her desire to enter a convent, she would need but a small share of the late father's property bequeathed to her by her father, and therefore, as she had no relations, and had herself broken the contract, she had already made a will by which she left the whole estate to him, with the exception of a small sum as a dowry with which to enter a convent. He needed consider himself under no obligation to her, she added, as she had rather not see any one but her attendants for the present; but would receive any message or writing.

"He failed to marry Harry Percy Howard, she forfeited to him the whole estate."

"I judged rightly that she had no heart!" exclaimed Percy, with a sigh of relief, not unmingled with a little pique at her resigning him so easily. "But," added wounded vanity, "she has none been for five years."

Percy wrote his answer, and requested to know if there was anything he could do for her. Donna Isidora replied that by granting her a short interview in her boudoir, he would confer a favor. Accordingly the next morning he retired to the half open door that led into an adjoining room, and there beheld kneeling before a crucifix, the form of a woman, enveloped in a large, white veil.

Supposing Donna Isidora to be at her prayers, he retired to wait her pleasure, but the minutes passed and no sound met his ear. Thinking she might not be aware of his entrance, Percy made a slight disturbance, but still that motionless figure loomed without the change of a muscle. Percy could bear it no longer—horrible thought flashed across his mind—he feared he knew not what, and rushing to the white-robed form, he raised it in his arms. The veil dropped to the floor, disclosing the pale, tear-stained features of Donna Hermione d'Castellan!

We will draw the curtain over the scene that followed, and briefly give a solution of the deception. Isidora had resolved at the altar to reform her violent temper, to feel, to fear, and to possess of unlimited power, in her father's house, she was unconscious what a tyrant she had become. The glance of the young foreigner, so full of disgust and loathing, had rarely opened her eyes. In pursuance of a scheme to win her husband's love as a stranger, she had completely changed herself, and nature having aided her in external beauty, she was now a play, everything promised fair. As aunt, who resided in Mexico had received her, and in the scene where Percy's triumph had been laid, Isidora had achieved her victory. Percy bore his defeat with wonderful equanimity, but always insisted upon calling his fair conqueror, Hermione; as she said, to smooth his ruffled vanity, and make him forgetful of the real state of the case, but if so, it is the main reason returned thanks every day for his beautiful opponent's welfare.

SINGULAR HEAD-GEAR.—When the Landers, in their journeyings in Africa, fell short of provisions, they gave away tin cases containing spoiled portable soups, and, to the surprise of the natives, and as ornaments. The travellers were highly diverted by a fellow struggling about with "concentrated gravity" stuck on his head.

CAPTAIN TARPIN'S LESSON: JACK IN A GALE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

This ship "Bremen" was owned and commanded by Capt. Silas Tarpin. He was an excellent sailor, a superior navigator, and a gentleman; when he saw fit; but he was one of those men who think that gentility is wasted on shipboard—that the true gentleman has no office among the rough sons of Neptune, and hence he was often rough and severe in his government as a sea. A stout, heavy, fearless sailor, he was his delight, and in such an one he could overlook a hundred faults. Capt. Tarpin was generally beloved by his men, for he was frank, and generous at times, and could be as condescending as he pleased. He was himself a powerful, bold, fearless man, and such, he it known, are more apt to command the respect of seamen than a weaker man, who might have the moral virtues of an angel. His master, Messrs. Smith and Woodson, were both men after his own heart, though they had not his coolness in times of danger. In fact, since they had been with him, there had occurred no sudden emergencies where they were called upon for quick, cool judgment.

The ship had made her passage to Messina, and taken on her cargo of fruit and wine, and one bright, clear morning she made sail on her homeward-bound passage. While in the harbor of Messina, Captain Tarpin had taken an American seaman on board, who wished the privilege of working his passage home to the United States.

His name was Jack Langley, and he had been left in the hospital by his own ship some three months before. According to his account, he had been seized with a malignant fever while on shore, and the commander of his ship was unwilling to take him on board in that state, but yet left money to pay his reckoning at the hospital. He was now rid of the fever, but still somewhat weak and emaciated. His money was all gone, and he considered himself fortunate in having fallen in with Captain Tarpin, for he did not dare to ship as an able seaman, as he knew that his strength was not equal to the duty, but he believed he could perform labor enough to satisfy any reasonable man for the favor of a simple passage.

So Jack Langley came on board the "Bremen," and the crew were glad to see him. He appeared to be a good-hearted, intelligent man, but his recent severe sickness had dimmed the lustre of his eyes, and somewhat blunted his quickness of mind. In fact, Jack did not show what he really was before sickness prostrated him.

It was a pleasant morning when the "Bremen" made sail from Messina, but on the second day out bad weather came on, and the crew took to their heels. Captain Tarpin forgot that Jack Langley was on board, and he had been sick, and was consequently now weaker than the other men.

"Where's that Langley?" cried Tarpin, one cold, wet night, while the crew were engaged in close-reefing the topsails.

"He's below," answered Mr. Smith, the first mate, who had charge of the deck at that time.

"Below!" uttered the captain, in angry tones. "Doesn't he know that all hands have been called? Where's the boatswain? Here, you sir, go and rout that Langley out. Up with him!"

In a few minutes afterwards Jack Langley made his appearance on deck, and reported himself to the captain.

"Didn't you hear all hands called to shorten sail?" quickly asked Tarpin.

"Yes sir," was Jack's reply.

"And why didn't you come up?"

Langley hesitated a moment. He did not wish to plead an inability to work, for that would seem to indicate that he had suffered his passage under the weather.

"I was very tired," he at length said. "My head ached, and I felt too weak and—"

"Tired, eh?" broke in the captain, with a sneer. "I thought I took you to work your passage. Now go aloft and help reef that main-top-sail. Let me catch you sneering again!"

Jack made no reply, but with a quick movement he worked his way aloft.

"The captain's order is to consider that Jack was weak, and perhaps faint, but he only remembered that he was eating and faring at the ship's expense, and that therefore he ought to work smartly."

After the topsails had been reefed, Jack went below. On the next day he was on deck about his duty, but he moved slowly, and did but little. The captain noticed it, and it made him angry. He allowed a feeling of dislike to take possession of him, and he failed not to exhibit it to the poor fellow on every possible occasion. In vain was it that Langley did his best, and in vain that he marched up promptly to his duty. He could not move quickly, and he could not pull strongly, and his fate was marked. He could have borne to be so called with good grace, but it came hard upon him to have his commander sneer and scoff, and bearously look upon him.

At length the other officers began to look upon Jack as the captain did. They, too, began to call him lazy, and impose upon him. And yet poor Langley bore up as well as he could. He would not plead sickness, and confine himself to his hammock, for he had engaged to work; and as the first moment the ship got directly before the wind and the sparker caught the force upon

hard one; and often, when he heard the cold taunts that were thrown out against him, did he wish that he might die.

To some it may seem almost impossible that a decent man could behave as did Captain Tarpin, but just let an old ship-master get a crotch to into his head, and you will find hard work to remove it. Now Tarpin had conceived the idea at first that Jack was lazy, and this made him dislike the man, and this dislike once entertained, colored all other feelings towards him. He did not see that Jack was too proud to plead downright sickness, nor did he see that Jack was really sick.

Thus matters went on for some time, and poor Jack's situation became painful in the extreme. He had grown more weak from over-exertion, and he had suffered excruciatingly from the taunts that had been heaped upon him. The ship had passed Gibraltar, and early in the morning she struck out into the Atlantic Ocean. Jack seemed to revive as he snuffed up the fresh breeze that came sweeping across the broad ocean, and he tried to work well. The men had discovered that he was a superior seaman, and that he also understood navigation thoroughly, and some of them had ventured to expostulate with the captain concerning his treatment, but without effect.

"I don't want any of your palvering," was Tarpin's response, on one of these occasions. "I can tell a lazy man when I see him. I don't wonder his own commander set him ashore."

Captain Tarpin, however, did not intend that Jack had been set on shore because he was of no use on ship-board, and once Jack had made a heavy reply to the slander, and in pay therefor Tarpin slapped his face. From that moment Jack Langley was a different man. The blow was not to be easily forgotten, and he did his duty as before, but he scorned the hard-hearted man who had so boldly trampled upon him. Tarpin read Jack's scorn in his pale features, and he was more angry than ever. Now he seemed to take real pleasure in tormenting him, and more than once he tried to make Jack insult him, so that he might have grounds for further abuse, but he did not succeed.

On the fourth morning after the ship had passed Gibraltar, the wind was light and baffling, and the atmosphere was highly reeked. There was a heavy swell upon the sea, and the ship was tossed about like a cork. By noon the wind had come out from the southward, and the sky to windward was black and threatening.

"We shall have wind enough soon," said Tarpin, addressing his chief mate.

"So we shall," was Smith's response. "But I don't think there's any storm."

"No, I must not," resumed the captain, "at the same time casting his eyes over the horizon. 'There's only wind in those clouds, but it'll come fresh.'"

"Land ho!" at this moment came from the foretopmast cross-trees.

"Where away?" cried Tarpin.

"On the lee bow."

"That's Saint Maria," said the captain, speaking to his mate. "I supposed we should make out this time."

After this, the order was passed for shortening sail, and ere long the wind came fresh and strong. The stout ship held it square upon the beam and she started swiftly on over the sea.

But it was a wet, downy day, and the heavy swell was coming down from the north, and eastward, and this wind met them with a crashing effect. By five o'clock the wind had increased to a smart gale, but it was steady—the ship went on safely. The heavy seas had been mostly overcome now, for the Azores broke off them as the ship was now to the southward of them.

The island of St. Maria was almost abeam, and now came the twelve bell stroke. At six o'clock the watch was called, and the second mate, whose name was Woodson, took charge of the deck, and shortly afterwards the captain and first mate went down into the cabin.

The ship was now under reefed courses and close-reefed topsails, a balance-reefed sparker and fore-staysail, and she was flying through the water at the rate of twelve knots an hour. Mr. Woodson had just moved away from the binnacle, and was going forward, when his attention was arrested by an exclamation from one of the men who stood upon the poop.

He turned, and saw a heavy sea—a literal mountain of water—coming down upon the quarter. He sung out to the helmsman to down with his helm, but before the order could be obeyed, the sea struck the ship. It struck full upon the quarter, and for some moments her stern was under water, and the mad surge swept the whole length of the deck.

"Cling fast, boys," shouted Woodson, as the sea passed over. "There's no danger. Right the helm—quick! Right the helm, I say!—Zounds! you'll have her up in the wind! Wont you right it?"

But the officer's order was of no avail. The helmsman turned the wheel, but the ship did not answer.

"The tiller-rope is broken, sir," the man at the wheel cried, as he found that the wheel turned without feeling any pressure from the tiller.

The mate sprang aft and looked over the stern, and with an exclamation of alarm he staggered back.

"The rudder is gone!" he gasped.

"The ship was now entirely at the mercy of the wind and sea. The sparker was still flying, and this kept the ship's head towards the shore, and she was making her way towards the rocks at a fearful rate. Mr. Woodson was completely unnerved. He was a good sailor, but never before had he been placed in such an emergency. His two superiors were gone, and he was left now to command. He looked ahead, and he saw the black rocks lashed by the crashing surge, and he knew that they were not far distant. He got a spare spar over the larboard quarter, but it had no effect. He ran up and down the deck, and for a while he was frantic with terror and excitement. He was not the man for such an emergency. His conduct, too, had much effect upon the men. When they saw him thus crazy with fear, they lost much of their own presence of mind.

"All hands shorten sail!" at length gasped Woodson, pale and trembling. "Strip off every inch of canvas, and stand by to cut away the masts."

"Mr. Woodson," said Jack Langley, who had been an interested spectator of the scene, "if you strip her of sail she will go ashore in spite of fate."

"She must go! She must go!" uttered the mate, trembling like an aspen. "God have mercy on us!"

"But she may be saved yet," calmly resumed Jack. "I have taken a ship out of a worse scrape than this."

"What! Can you save her?" gasped Woodson, catching at the idea as a drowning man would catch at a plank.

"I think so."

"Then in God's name, try!"

"But mind, I give no assurance, for I know now this ship may behave."

"Try—take the ship—she is yours if you'll only try."

Jack turned at once to the men and asked them if they would work with a will at his command; and they all answered, yes.

"Then break away the hamper from the long-boat," he ordered. "Work lively, now, and we'll have her off. The larboard watch clear the boat, and the heavy boat will get out the yard and stay tackle falls. With a will, now. Here, Mr. Woodson, you help me clear this hawser."

The men went to work stoutly, and they worked with a will, for the coolness and assurance of Jack gave them strong hope. The ship was now within four miles of the shore, and the wind was now from the southward.

The roar of the surge could already be heard, and the hearts of the crew beat quick as the startling sound fell upon their ears; but they did not hesitate in their work. Jack Langley urged them on cheerfully, and his orders were given with promptness and decision.

As soon as the heavy boat was cleared, the yard was pulled out from her bottom, and the stay tackle was then hooked on. A stout hawser was run out over the stern, and brought around outside of the mizen and main rigging, and then made fast to the boat's bows, and after this she was hoisted out. As soon as the boat had been cleared from the yard tackles, she floated astern, where she was held by the hawser, the inner end of which had been secured to the mizen-mast. Jack's next movement was to rig two guys, one upon each quarter, that were made fast to the hawser at some distance over the stern. Off course the heavy boat, having her play out, soon sank below the surface, and all was now ready for trial.

Now all this work had not been performed without labor and care, for the ship was heaving and pitching in all sorts of ways, and at times the fierce wind threatened to knock her down. But Jack had kept his eyes about him, and with such admirable precision had his orders been given, that not an accident or mishap had occurred.

As soon as the sparker sheet could be secured the larboard guy was hauled taut, this bringing the strain of the hawser back upon the larboard quarter, and in a few moments the ship began to come up to the wind. The yards were braced up and carefully trimmed, and as soon as her head was well up, the larboard guy was slackened, and the boat allowed to fall astern. Six competent men were stationed at the guys, three upon each side, and Jack stood by and combed the ship.

The old craft stood bravely up to the wind, now, and though she behaved somewhat awkwardly under her new steering gear, yet she did not yaw nor broach-to. As soon as the fore and main yards had been cleared of the tackles, the men gathered together, and as soon as they saw their ship standing boldly away from the danger which had so lately threatened them, they rent a shout of their wild hurrahs. They gathered around Jack Langley and blessed him with their whole hearts. He thanked them with tears in his eyes, but at the same time assured them that they had yet much to do ere the ship would be perfectly safe. The first thing was to make a new rudder.

They were fortunate enough to have a piece of oak timber already furnished with iron pintles, which Captain Tarpin had taken on board for purpose of a new rudder, if such should be wanted. A spare topmast was cut in two, with the hawser rigged for a rudder-head, and with the assistance of an anchor shot and some stout iron bolts, a rudder was rigged before midnight, and it was too dark then to ship it, and Jack continued to steer with the boat, and during the long night he did not leave his post, only when it was necessary to give some directions about the making of the new rudder.

In the mean time great attention was paid to the captain and first mate by the supercargo and the cook. Those two officers were seldom so very severely injured, but only stunned, though they were not brought to their senses until near noon of the following day.

As soon as the morning dawned, the island of St. Maria was far astern on the lee quarter, and the wind still held from the south, though its power was much abated. As soon as it was light, Jack rigged his purchases over the stern, and his hawsers at either quarter, and having secured knowledge enough to it to sink it, he hoisted the rudder over, and by dint of much care and ingenuity, the pintles were slipped into the eyes upon the stem-post. After this the tiller was rigged, and then the long-boat was hauled alongside and got on board again.

Jack Langley went back among the crew, and as soon as he saw the ship steering freely with her new rudder he went below and sought his hammock, for he was worn and fatigued.

It was two days before Jack was able to go on deck again, and when he did go up he found the captain upon the poop. Our hero sat down upon the bits on the fore-cabin, and he was handed the poop. The latter still walked up and down the poop, but he seemed nervous and uneasy. At length he extended his walk to the waist, and even anon he would turn his eyes towards the spot where Jack sat. Jack looked very pale, but his eye was bright and clear. He picked up a piece of rope- yarn and began to pick it in pieces, and while thus engaged he handed upon his shoulder. He looked quickly up, and saw Captain Tarpin.

"Jack Langley," said he, with a slight choking sound in his throat, "it is no use for me to hold out any longer. It's mighty hard work for me to give up boat, but I'll do it now, for you have entirely outlasted me. Here, take my hand, and forget what's past—and if we both live long enough, you shall know that Silas Tarpin has got some soul left in him yet. Forgive me, Jack."

Jack grasped the captain's broad hand, for he saw that Tarpin was earnest and sincere, and he forgave him with his whole heart.

"I know all about it, Jack," the captain resumed, while he shook the noble sailor by the hand. "Woodson has told me all, and I know that I owe my life, and my ship, and my cargo, to you. I've been a fool, I know, but we'll make it right somehow. You'll forget it all, Jack."

"Yes, captain."

And so he did. During the rest of the voyage Jack Langley had the best of nursing, and before the ship went into port, he was well again.

When the old "Bremen" went to sea again, "Mr. Tarpin" was the name of the ship. It was his first officer; and to this day they sail together—and two warmer friends cannot be found. Capt. Tarpin received a lesson from poor Langley, which he has not forgotten, and probably never will forget it.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

Scarcely—in extreme old age learned to play on musical instruments. Captain Jack Langley, the Greek language. Plutarch—70 learned Latin. Boccaccio—at 35 began to study politics literature. Sir Henry Spelman commenced scientific studies between 70 and 80. Collier renewed his studies in Latin and law at 60. Dr. Johnson engaged in the study of Dutch a few years previous to his death. Dr. Johnson, at the age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own times. Ogbell, translator of Homer and Virgil, knew nothing of Latin and Greek till past fifty. Franklin's philosophical pursuits were not fully commenced till his 50th year. Dryden, in his 65th year, began the translation of the *Iliad*.—*Fraser's*.

GLEANER'S PICTORIAL BOUND.

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